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The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



DANCING IN "THE DUENNA"—AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: MISS ELSA LANCHESTER.

Miss Elsa Lanchester, the brilliantly clever dancer, whose performance in "The Way of the World" roused so much enthusiasm, and who has sat to Epstein for portrait-busts, is taking the part of a page in the latest production at the Lyric, Hammersmith. This is "The Duenna," the comic opera by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, first

performed in 1775, and now revived by Mr. Nigel Playfair, who has made such a big success by reintroducing famous eighteenth-century light operas and classic comedies to the attention of twentieth-century Londoners. This study of Miss Lanchester gives an excellent idea of her elfish charm and arresting personality.

Photograph by A. C. Banfield.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT OUR ORATORS.

THIS seems as good a time as any to talk about orators. I don't quite know why we should always associate oratory with politics, but we do. Is that a compliment to the politicians or a criticism of our own intelligence?

I am very fond of listening to political speeches—when I can find out where they are being delivered and get a ticket. Of those orators who have passed away, I heard Joseph Chamberlain and Bonar Law among others; whilst among living orators I have heard Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Lord Balfour, Lord Carson, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Simon, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain I heard many years ago in a tent in our little Warwickshire town. I don't know why he spoke in a tent, but he did, and I was in the front row of seats and an Eton collar. We were all a little disappointed, perhaps, that it was not his father speaking, but considerably consoled by the fact that "Mr. Austen" wore an eyeglass and therefore looked like his father. I remember nothing whatever of the speech except that, now and again, the orator would wag at us an extremely long and impressive forefinger. When he did that I felt that England was doomed.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain I heard at that huge hall in Westminster which was built on the site of the Aquarium. Mr. Lloyd George had just discovered Mr. Neville's existence, and promptly made him Minister of National Service. It was a quiet speech he gave, full of figures and detail, quite unemotional.

Mr. Lloyd George himself followed. This was the first time I had heard him, and I got the surprise of my life. He talked almost exactly like that very excellent actor, Mr. Leonard Boyne. I could not help wondering why nobody had ever told me this. We were all rather highly strung, the war being at its worst. Mr. Lloyd George took full advantage of this, dropped his voice to a very low tone, and talked caressingly about "this little island." He had his reward. He drew floods of tears.

Mr. Asquith I heard at Queen's Hall on the second anniversary of the war. He made an extraordinarily good speech about the rights of small nations. His peroration was probably the finest piece of pure prose I have heard delivered in the English language.

Lord Birkenhead and Sir John Simon I used to hear every Thursday in term time at the Oxford Union. They were both senior to me, and great bloods at the Union. Lord Birkenhead—then F. E. Smith—spoke exactly as he speaks to-day, and looked very much as he looks to-day.

Sir John Simon—then known as J. A. Simon of Wadham—was rather a wag. He was sly, quiet, humorous, and extremely self-possessed. Particularly do I remember him on one occasion when Mr. Asquith came down to speak at the Union. J. A. S. watched

Mr. Winston Churchill I heard during the war—in the very early days of the war—at the English Opera House, now the Stoll Picture House. The building was packed, and before the speakers arrived the audience was inclined to be rather noisy and jovial. Winston instantly stopped all that. The magnetism of the man was extraordinary. I thought at once what an actor he would have made. The main point of the speech was a promise to dig the rats—meaning the German Navy—out of their holes. We tried, but we never did.

How I heard Joseph Chamberlain I told last week.

Bonar Law I heard at Queen's Hall at that same great meeting addressed by Mr. Asquith on the second anniversary of the war. Bonar Law was not an orator. He was a lucid and very pleasant speaker, and obviously as straight as a die, but his personality was not impressive. I should imagine his strength lay rather in the House of Commons than on the platform at a mass meeting.

Lord Balfour and Lord Carson I heard for the first time in a debate in the House of Commons. They were on the same side, of course, but their views on this occasion were opposed. Perhaps they were both a little cross with each other, for I remember thinking their voices rather harsh and unmusical. The next day I was surprised to find the debate described in all the newspapers as a "Scene in the House." I wish I had known at the time it was a scene. I would have taken more interest.

Mr. Baldwin I heard at Bristol during his last campaign. A friend very kindly secured me a ticket, at the last moment, for the platform, and I was sitting on Mr. Baldwin's right and about half-a-dozen seats away from him. He struck me as being an extremely good fellow, who had somehow blown into politics because he was wanted, and not for the usual reason that he wanted politics. His speech was deliberate, and he had a great many notes. The broadcasting apparatus, just in front of his nose, did not seem to bother him in the least.

The strange thing is that out of all these great and famous men I have named, I cannot remember that one—with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd

George—had a really musical voice. They all had nice enough voices, but not wonderful, not thrilling, not full of those tones that sound like the notes of an organ. Some day or other, we shall get a political orator with a really fine voice, and then he will sweep the pool.

Let us pray that he will be a decent fellow. The other sort can do such a lot of damage to this little old country.



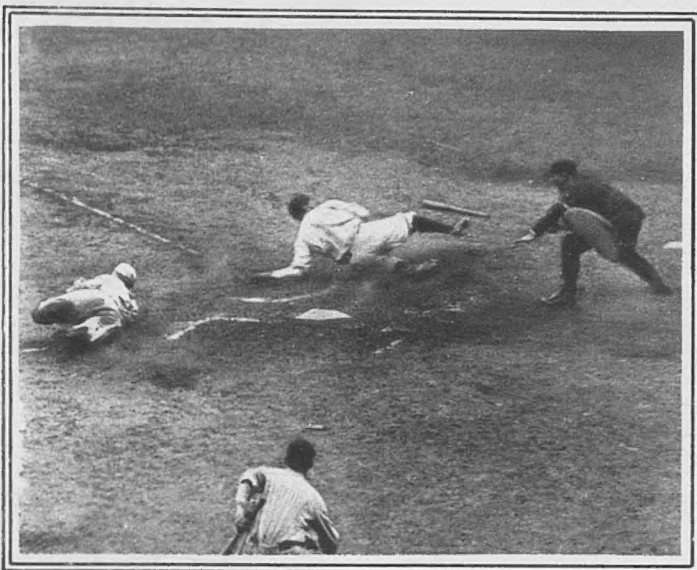
THE RECORD FISH, KILLED ON THE CLOSING DAY OF THE TAY SEASON: MR. O. M. PRITCHARD'S 53-POUNDER—WITH DAVID FENWICK.

This magnificent salmon, the heaviest rod-caught fish for the season of 1924, was killed on the closing day of the season on the Tay by Mr. O. M. Pritchard on the lower Scone stretch of the Tay, in the "Back of the Knowes" pool, with a Baron fly. Mr. Pritchard had a lively half-hour before he landed the monster; and David Fenwick, the well-known Tayside boatman and ghillie (shown in our photograph), made no mistake with the gaffing. The fish, which is believed to be the largest caught in the British Isles this season, is a 53-pounder, 51½ inches in length, and with a girth of 29 inches. It was presented to the Perth Royal Infirmary.—[Photograph by Star Photos.]

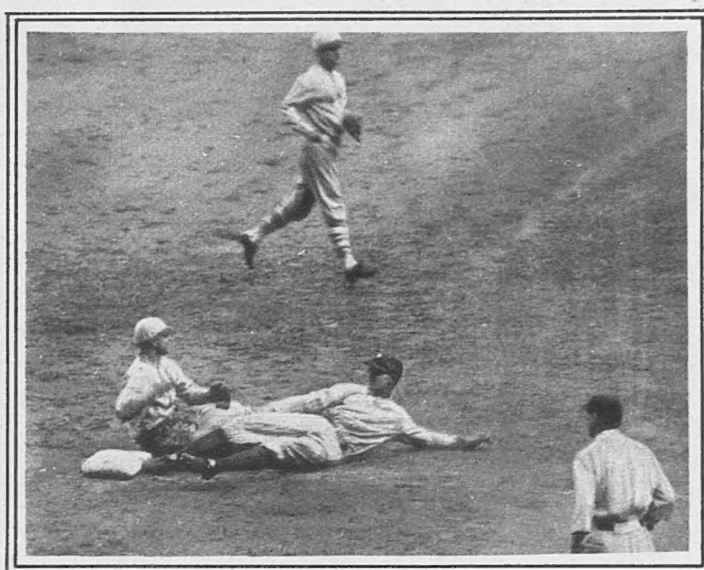
over the great man with the zealous attention of a first-class male nurse.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald I heard in the House of Commons before he became Premier. I was struck by the clearness of his utterance and his apparent remoteness from his own party. He seemed a different being from a different world. He spoke, of course, extremely well.

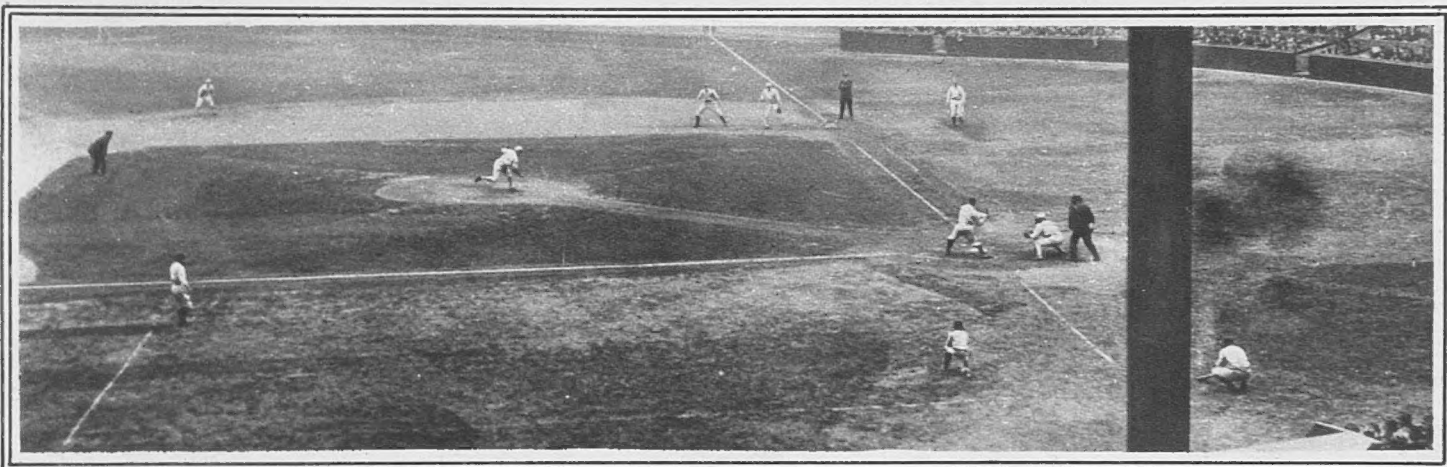
To be Watched by Their Majesties: Baseball from America.



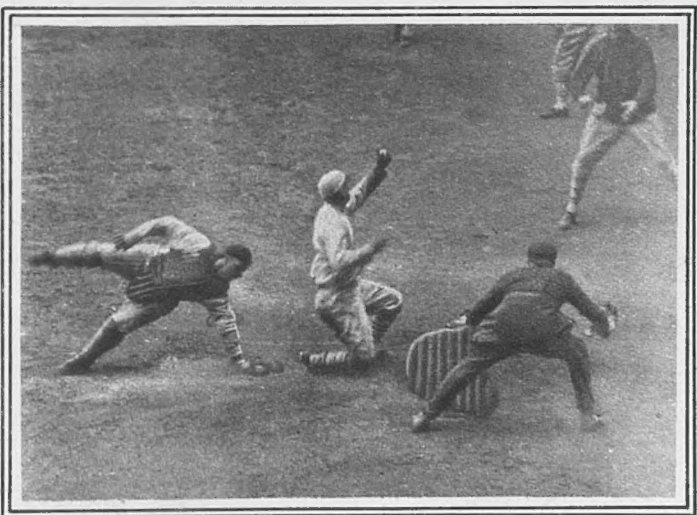
THE FAMOUS BABE RUTH SLIDES TO THE HOME PLATE—LEFT TO RIGHT, FIELDER, RUNNER, "ARMOURED" UMPIRE.



A RUNNER PUT OUT ON THE THIRD BASE: AN INCIDENT IN A GREAT GAME IN NEW YORK.



BASEBALL IN PROGRESS: THE PITCHER (LEFT CENTRE) THROWING THE BALL TO THE BATTER—BEHIND THE BATTER, THE CATCHER AND THE UMPIRE.



THE CATCHER (LEFT) TOUCHING THE PLATE WITH THE BALL A SECOND TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE RUNNER SCORING A HOME RUN—UMPIRE ON THE RIGHT.

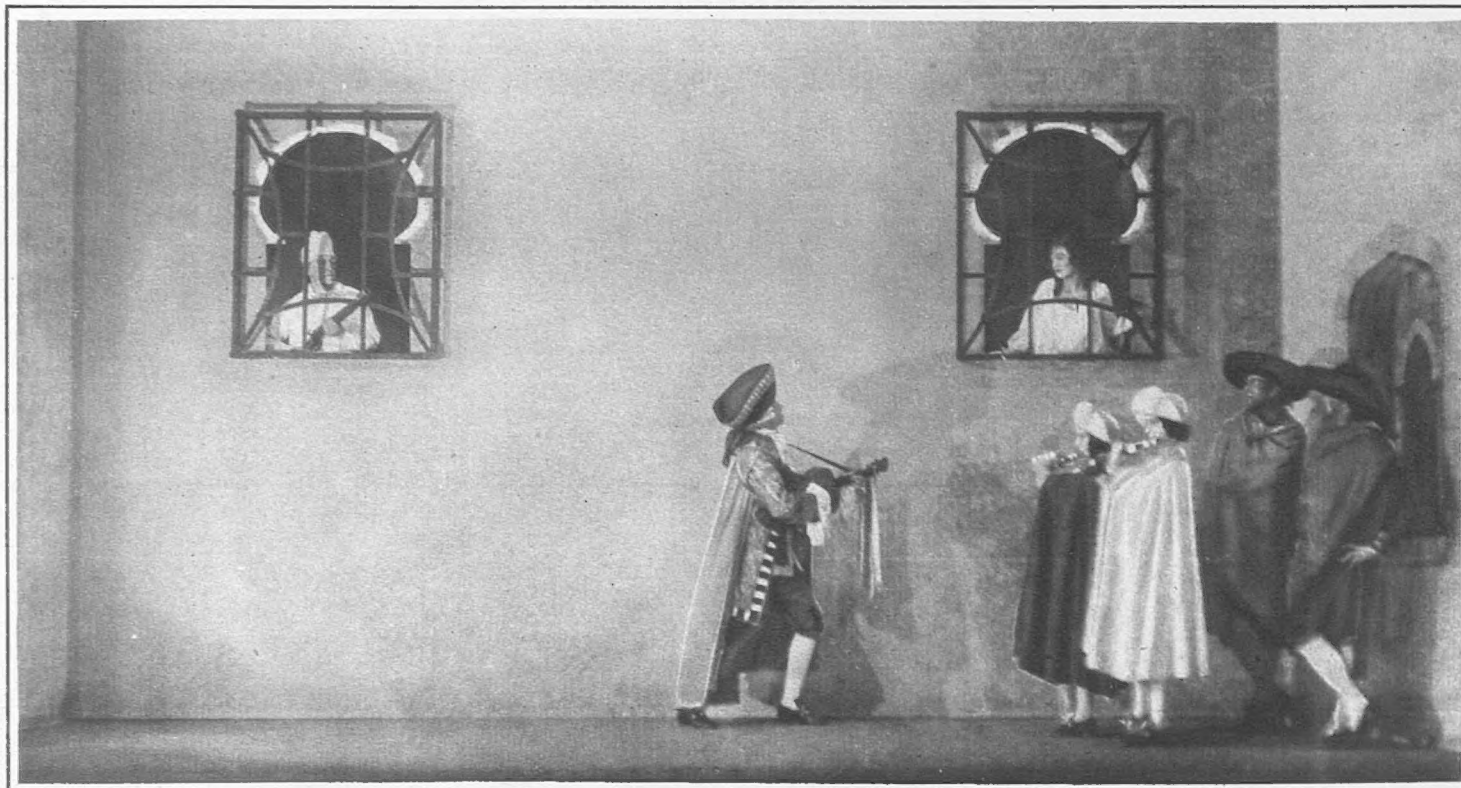
Baseball, the American national game, has been and is played in this country, as, under the auspices of the American Legion, matches took place on Sundays at Stamford Bridge throughout the summer. Special interest, however, has been roused by the visit of the two famous teams, the Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants, who have arranged to play three exhibition matches—one of which took place



THE ARMOURED CATCHER (CENTRE; EQUAL TO THE WICKET-KEEPER IN CRICKET); A RUNNER GETTING HOME, AND (RIGHT) THE ARMOURED UMPIRE.

last week.—The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to attend the first game, and their Majesties the King and Queen, Prince Henry, and the Prince of Wales have expressed their intention of watching the final match on Nov. 6. Baseball presents a strange appearance to English eyes, owing to the armoured catcher and umpire. The ball comes with such velocity that the armour is very necessary.

Plays of the Moment: "The Duenna."



"UNVEIL THOSE BEAUTEOUS EYES, MY FAIR": DON ANTONIO (DENYS ERLAM) SERENADES LOUISA (ELSA MACFARLANE) WITH HIS PAGES (ELSA LANCHESTER AND ANGELA BADDELEY) AS ACCOMPANISTS, WHILE DON JEROME (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR) COMES TO THE WINDOW WITH HIS BLUNDERBUSS.



"I NE'ER COULD ANY LUSTRE SEE IN EYES THAT WOULD NOT LOOK ON ME": DON ANTONIO (DENYS ERLAM) AND DON FERDINAND (MICHAEL COLE).

The Nigel Playfair production of "The Duenna," the comic opera by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, was an important theatrical event of last week. The music has been arranged and composed by Mr. Alfred Reynolds, and the scenery and costumes designed by Mr. George Sheringham, and the result should

prove as great an attraction to playgoers as the previous Hammersmith successful revivals of classic comedies and light operas have been. "The Duenna" is a worthy successor to "The Beggar's Opera" and "The Way of the World," and was most enthusiastically received on the first night.—[Photographs by Bertram Park.]

Plays of the Moment: "The Duenna."



THE DELIGHTFULLY COMIC PAIR OF THE SHERIDAN OPERA-BOUFFE: MISS ELSIE FRENCH
AS THE DUENNA AND MR. FRANK COCHRANE AS ISAAC MENDOZA.

Sheridan's witty lines, the light-hearted music, and an admirably designed and presented setting render "The Duenna," the new Nigel Playfair production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a delightful entertainment. Miss Elsie French—that admirable comédienne,

who played in both "The Beggar's Opera" and "The Way of the World"—takes the title-rôle of the Duenna with her usual gusto, and provides a feast of mirth. Mr. Frank Cochrane, as Isaac Mendoza, the fantastically farcical Jew, also has a triumph.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

LONDON is going to enjoy the Election to-night, I expect, for, whatever the results may be, one can always have an entertaining evening and enjoy a good dinner at one of the luxury hotels, either as a consolation for one's party having lost or as a thanksgiving that it has won! It's quite amusing to sit in a brightly lit restaurant and see the results flashed up on the

hanging balls of glittering silver or dull gold in our ears. It is entertaining, for unless one happens to be a member of the Intelligentsia, one is unlikely to possess more than a nebulous knowledge of the Baroque period. The term was originally applied to a misshapen pearl, but now it means (according to the "Encyclopædia") "fantastic, bizarre, and decadent forms in art"—which seems a severe description of a period which fits in rather well with our modern outlook and appearance.

The Sitwells, by the way, are an amazing family. How do they do it? They are prolific writers, and every new book they produce has not only a stimulating title, but contents which more than keep the promise. Osbert Sitwell only a short time ago published a book of short stories with the intriguing title of "Triple Fugue," and now Sacheverell's latest poems are entitled "The Thirteenth Cæsar"—why, we will leave our readers to find out. Instead of the usual highly coloured jacket, a Severini Pierrot meets the eye, and the poems inside are of a remarkable distinction and beauty. "The Mirador" reads like music, and I cannot resist the temptation of quoting (there are two versions of this poem; the lines below are from the first)—

Melulla in her mirador
Needs not a mirror more;
Fracasse, our old alguacil,
Sits nodding at his window-sill.

Although the past week is said to have been lacking in social gaiety, owing to the Election, and dinners of note have been few and far between, neither vote-catching nor continuous rain can prevent us from lunching in amusing restaurants and clubs. The Embassy was very full the other day when I was there, and looked gay and bright with each table adorned with a large bunch of red carnations—nothing political about this, though, you may take my word for it. Among the lunchers I noticed Sir Joseph and Lady Tichborne, who were with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim. Lady Tichborne was wearing one of the new high-crowned hard hats, and looked very well. She, by the way, is one of the latest to be shingled, and looks even handsomer than she did before she sacrificed her long, long hair—about two and a half yards of it—to the prevailing fashion. It *does* suit her to have it short, and all her friends have been congratulating her on the result of the shearing.

But to return to the Embassy; another luncher whom I saw there recently was Miss Lois Sturt. She was wearing a sand-coloured coat and skirt with a small cloche hat to match. The coat was trimmed with little padded rolls of its own material in graduated widths. Lady Queensberry was there too, in one of the shortest skirts I have seen this autumn; and well-known men included Sir Trevor Dawson, Sir George Noble, and Mr. Solly Joel.

Politicians and their helpers must feed too, and at the Savoy last week, where I went to dine one day, I found Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and their daughter Betty (who has been busy canvassing for Major J. Despencer Robertson in West Islington), dining in a party which

included Colonel Starr, Mr. Baldwin's secretary. Lord Beaverbrook, the Aga Khan, and Lord Molyneux were also there on the same night.

And now for some wedding news, for the season of important marriages is still in full swing. Miss Doris Harcourt has now settled about her bridesmaids. They are to be her younger sister, Miss Barbara Harcourt; the bridegroom's sister, Miss Angela Baring; his two cousins, Miss Olivia Baring and Miss Clare Blount; Miss Sylvia Paget, and Miss Cynthia Burns, another cousin of the bride. There will also be three child attendants—Rosalind Cubitt, John Warrender, and Patsy Mulholland. The elder girls will wear orchid-mauve fulgurante frocks, made on straight lines, but decorated round the skirt with a flouncing of fringed georgette to match. As headdresses they will have becoming Russian-shaped diadems of silver and shaded mauve leaves, and will carry sheaves of mauve chrysanthemums.

The bride's dress is to be of bright silver tissue cut on moyen-âge lines, with long sleeves and a square neck, and, except for a pearl girdle, will be perfectly plain. The train is to be of the same material, and will be carried by the child attendants in Stuart period costumes.

1. Angela is determined to do something to attract the attention of the inhabitants of Malta. She must get to know a few people somehow. Something truly dramatic is indicated, so, with praiseworthy courage, she falls into the sea—and is immediately followed by an expert diver. . . .

screen; and that is how most of us have decided to spend to-night, unless we are candidates' womenfolk, who are on the spot, somewhere in the provinces. But don't let's talk politics; we have done far too much of it during the past week or two to wish to continue the exercise—and I'm sure we need other diversions.

Let's consider the fashionable period of the moment, for it is really rather amusing that the Baroque Art craze has come upon us so suddenly that we are gradually growing used to it without realising what is happening. As is so often the case, the "Intellectuals" started the fashion, and their "stunt" is becoming the rage—so no doubt they will soon take up something else. When Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's recent book, "Baroque Art," appeared, you may remember that I prophesied a revival of the Baroque in general, and now we have a Magnasco Society doing its bit to make us all amateurs of the hitherto despised period, and Dame Fashion joining in the conspiracy as well.

We began our Baroque dressing with the Lely pearls which were the rage last season; and we are now "going one better" and adorning ourselves with huge, tight necklets of bright silver beads or golden ones, and



2. . . . Who performed a gallant rescue, and the crowd flocked to her assistance.

Lord Harcourt—who, though only just sixteen, is nearly six foot in height—will give his sister away, and the reception after the ceremony will only be for near relatives, as

the bridegroom's family is in mourning for his sister.

Although this wedding is not till Nov. 17, Miss Harcourt has already received some beautiful presents. The Queen has sent two of those enchanting little jewelled trees in red lacquer pots, and the Queen of Spain's gift is an antique fan. One of Lady Harcourt's presents is a Boucheron tiara of diamonds specially designed to suit the bride, as she looks her best in a light head-dress. There is a squirrel coat, too, from the bride's mother, which is to be worn for her going-away. The first part of the honeymoon is being spent at Wootton House, Aylesbury, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beaumont; and



3. And now she is the heroine of the hour. Her hotel is beleaguered by kind inquirers.

the newly married pair have been given a town house in Hyde Park Square by Lady Harcourt.

We have had plenty of new plays this week to distract our attention—if only for a few hours—from the happenings on the political stage. The *première* at the Ambassadors' at the beginning of the week drew a *chic*, well-dressed audience, and there were plenty of well-knowns to be seen in the stalls, including Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Eddy Marsh, and other faithful first-nighters. I saw Lady Talbot de Malahide, and her husband also, as, of course, Lady Talbot wanted to see her father, Mr. Fred Kerr, in his latest rôle.

By the way, the dresses in the play are very attractive, and I'm glad that the designers did not allow themselves any flights of fancy in presenting frocks of nineteen years ahead, but simply dressed the piece in the clothes of to-day. As a matter of fact, since we have now learned sense so far as feminine attire is concerned, and wear garments which show off the elegant lines of the figure in almost classic simplicity, one may be allowed to hope that in twenty years' time we shall not have slipped back again to the horrors of corseted figures, tight waists, and other tyrannous and un-beautiful past styles.

Miss Tennyson Jesse that was—now Mrs. Harwood—took the call with her husband as part-author of the play, and carried one of the largest and gayest green ostrich-feather fans I have ever seen. Time was when we all "shied" at green as being an unlucky colour, but this superstition is

quite forgotten, now that brides dress their attendants in green and authors bravely bring possessions in that shade to the first night of their plays.

And when we are on the subject of the theatre, Lord Howard de Walden will have one of his longest plays produced in London early in November, for he is the "T. E. Ellis" whose "Heraclius, Emperor of the East" is being given at the Holborn Theatre. This piece, which is described as of a "high-brow" nature, is being produced by Bruce Winston, who, it will be remembered, was associated with Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson in a similar *matinée* venture some time ago, and appeared at the recent production of five plays at Seaford House.

Heraclius, in case you don't know, reigned from 610 to 642, and the period of the play is that seven years of continuous victory when he crushed the Persian Empire, and introduces his meeting with Mahomet. This will be the first time that the figure of the Prophet has been allowed on the English stage.

Heraclius was a fascinating character, and I was interested to read in the Cambridge "Mediaeval History" the description which runs as follows: "We would rather recall him . . . an enthusiast with the power to inspire others, a practical mystic . . . one of the Greatest Roman Cæsars." He sounds rather as if he would be useful to-day, doesn't he? And he was, of course, the subject of one of Corneille's plays. Lord Howard's drama about him was written in 1910, and has a big cast, with twelve men with quite important speaking rôles.

So seldom is Marlborough House Chapel used for Society events that a small crowd wondered what was happening when it opened its doors the other afternoon. It faces St. James's Palace, and is the smallest in London, and though its gleaming white, silk-hung altar, adorned with the beautiful gold church plate, looked exquisite, there was no music and no special floral decoration, in accordance with Lord and Lady Eltham's wishes for the christening of their baby girl, Mary Ilona Margaret, the Queen's latest godchild. Her Majesty was not present, so Lady Cambridge stood proxy for her, and the family gathering included Lady Worcester and her sister, Lady Helena Gibbs, Lord Worcester being the only godfather.

The baby was extremely well behaved, and was made into a little Christian quite quietly. She had a simple robe of gathered muslin, adorned with white satin ribbons, and did not wear any special family christening garments. Mr. William Gillett, our most ancient pillar of the social world in town, came to the ceremony with his friend Colonel Gibbs, with whom he lives in Lowndes Square, actually in the house where the baby was born.

The dresses worn at the christening, by the way, were very smart, Lady Eltham looking particularly well in shades of the brown which is so popular at the moment; and Lady Cambridge had a lovely real Paisley shawl wrap trimmed with nutria. There was a good deal of hunting gossip talked after the christening, and Mr. Osmond Hastings, the father of Lady Eltham, had a great talk with Lady Worcester and Lady Helena Gibbs on the subject of the successful cubbing season in "Beaufortshire."

The Carlton celebration of its "birthday" gave us an amusing evening last week, and

there was a huge crowd in the restaurant. Sir Basil Zaharoff and his Duchess bride were entertaining a party, he with his usual pink carnation in his buttonhole, and she in a black-and-silver dress. Miss Violet Loraine that was—now Mrs. Edward Joicey—was also in black, with a huge red flower to relieve the sombre effect, and was with her husband and several friends. She seemed in very good spirits and was dancing with Mr. Joe Coyne, among other partners.

Then, of course, there was the Bambridge-Kipling wedding, where the great popularity of Rudyard Kipling was most noticeable. Crowds assembled outside the church—not only to catch a glimpse of the bride, but to see her father; and Mr. Baldwin also came in for a great reception as he obligingly stood with Mrs. Baldwin while a whole army of photographers "took" them from every angle.

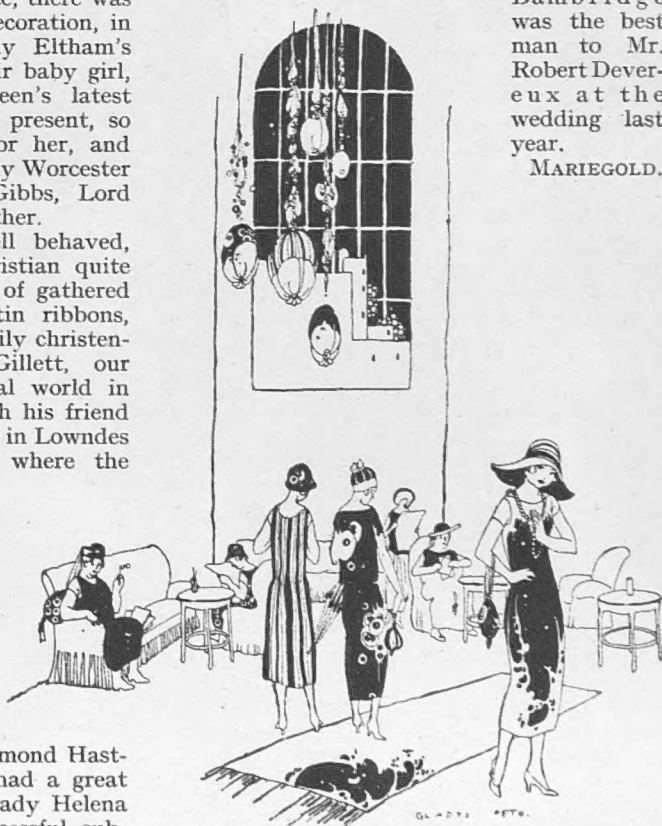
The wedding was a thoroughly autumnal one so far as decorations and colour-scheme were concerned, for not only was the bridesmaid in shades of bronze and brown, but the mother of the bride chose the same colourings; and those of the congregation who were not in black seemed to be in tawny shades, while the church was decked with chrysanthemums to match.

The reception in the Baldwins' house—which is very well suited for big entertainments—was a most successful one, and Mr. Kipling looked quite festive with an uncommonly large bunch of Parma violets in his button-hole. Though Miss Kipling—now Mrs. Bambridge—received some nice presents, none were on view at the reception, as the family came up from the country only a day or two before the wedding, and put up, as is their custom, at Brown's Hotel.

Lord and Lady Carson were among the many well-known people present, the latter in a very severe hat of pillar-box-red kit, with a steel buckle for trimming. Lady Sondes was there with Mrs. Devereux, her daughter—who had a special interest in this wedding,

as Captain Bambridge was the best man to Mr. Robert Devereux at the wedding last year.

MARIEGOLD.

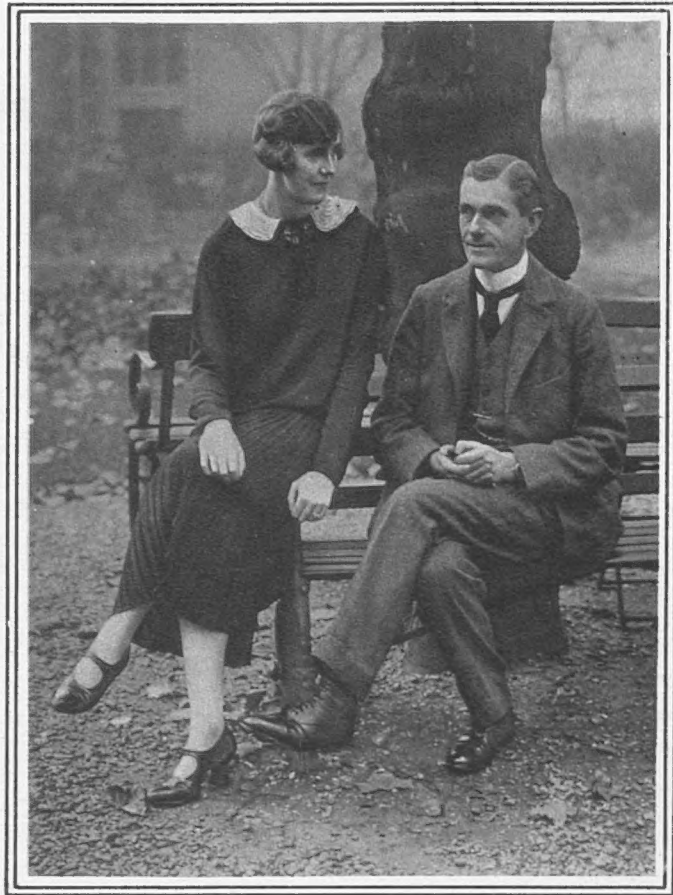


4. And she has been made a member of the Ladies' Junction Club. But the rooms are dreadfully like railway tunnels, the members seem aloof, and this great honour does not convey the happiness she hoped for.

A Bride-Elect, Two Brides, and Rudyard Kipling.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S DAUGHTER AND CAPT. BAMBRIDGE: THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE, AND THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.



A NEWLY ENGAGED COUPLE: MISS GYLLA ROLLO, AND SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR, C.B., C.M.G., R.N.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S: CAPTAIN BAMBRIDGE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS ELSIE KIPLING.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Kipling, only daughter of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to Captain George Bambridge, M.C., took place last week. Mr. Kipling gave his daughter away, and the reception was held at Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin's house.—Miss Gylla Rollo is the younger daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Rollo. Her engage-



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON: MAJOR C. E. WALKER, D.S.O., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS VIOLET McMASTER.

ment to Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, C.B., C.M.G., R.N., fifth Baronet, of Lanrick, Perth, has just been announced.—The marriage of Miss Violet McMaster to Major C. E. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., R.F.A., younger son of the late Sir Samuel Walker, was celebrated last week.

Photographs by Bassano, Lafayette, P.I.C., and C.P.P.

The Golden Bride of the British Minister to Persia.



IN HER WEDDING GOWN: LADY LORAINE, FORMERLY MISS LOUISE STUART-WORTLEY.

The marriage of Miss Louise Stuart-Wortley, elder daughter of Major General the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, to Sir Percy Loraine, C.M.G., twelfth Baronet, British Minister to Persia since 1921, took place last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride made a lovely picture in her golden lamé gown, with its white-and-gold train, and pearl-edged veil caught at either side with a little bunch of

orange-blossom. She was given away by her father, and her attendants were Miss Pamela Sturgis, Miss Rachel Bingham, Master David Beaumont Nesbitt, and Master Philip Saumarez; while her three train-bearers were Miss Audley Beaumont-Nesbitt, Master Robin Sturgis, and the Hon. Guy Strutt, the pages being dressed in gold tunics and red-velvet capes, and the bridesmaids in gold frocks with red wreaths in their hair.

Photograph by Bassano.

What They are Wearing in Paris.



A STUDY IN OYSTER-GREY SATIN IS THIS FROCK FOR THE "FIVE O'CLOCK," DESIGNED BY LUCIEN LELONG



A TUNIC OF PERVENCHE GEORGETTE EMBROIDERED WITH DIAMANTÉ OVER VELVET MAKES THIS LELONG EVENING FROCK.



LELONG HAS CHOSEN CHINCHILLA—MOST RARE AND COSTLY OF FURS—TO DECORATE THIS DESIRABLE WRAP OF GREY OTTOMAN.



FAIRY-LIKE EMBROIDERY OF PEARLS AND CRYSTALS ENHANCES THIS SLENDER LELONG MODEL OF ROSE GEORGETTE BORDERED WITH WHITE FOX.



THIS FASCINATING FROCK FROM JEAN PATOU IS CARRIED OUT IN YELLOW VELVET AND GOLD LACE, DECORATED WITH CHINESE EMBROIDERY.

Governments may rise and fall, but there is one leader—the Mighty Dame Fashion—to whom every woman still yields loyal allegiance. Our page depicts some of this enchanting and benevolent despot's latest edicts, and shows the charm of the latest models for day and evening wear.

At Kingston Lisle: Guests, and the Lady of the House.



A GUEST OF SIR HUGO AND LADY FITZHERBERT: MISS BERYL WHITE.



WITH TWO OF HER FAVOURITES: LADY FITZHERBERT.



WITH HER NIECES, VIRGINIA AND JOAN SEYMOUR:
LADY FITZHERBERT.



A SNAPSHOT IN THE FORMAL GARDEN: THE CHÂTELAINE OF KINGSTON LISLE
AND HER CHOWS.

These delightful "at-home" photographs, taken at Kingston Lisle, Wantage, show Lady FitzHerbert and some of her guests. She is the wife of Sir Hugo FitzHerbert, sixth Baronet, was formerly Miss Diana Isobel Erskine, and was married in 1920. The Misses Virginia and Joan Seymour are Lady FitzHerbert's nieces, being the children of her sister, Mrs. Horace

Seymour, the wife of the First Secretary to the British Legation at The Hague. Lady FitzHerbert is the elder daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Edward Erskine, and is a kinswoman of Lord Erskine. Sir Hugo FitzHerbert has a country place in Derbyshire, and one in Nottinghamshire, in addition to Kingston Lisle, his Berkshire seat and residence.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMERA PORTRAITS, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



The Clubman. By Beveren.

About Galli-Curci.

The Galli-Curci craze seems in this country quickly to have reached right proportions. Mme. Galli-Curci possesses range, and superb tone quality, but that is not enough to make her a Patti or a Melba. The leading critics treated her with wary consideration at first. Now they are not hesitating to say that she sings off the note more often than a singer of the very first rank should.

Mme. Galli-Curci is a perfect singer for the gramophone, but with the gramophone there can be trial after trial until the rendering of a song is perfect. On the platform this cannot be done.

I suppose we must confess that the Galli-Curci "boom," although admittedly it has genuine substance, is the very latest example of a "boom" most carefully prepared and exploited.

I heard a tired cynic say the other evening, "I wish all these boomed people from America could be done all in one evening. Why couldn't we have 'The Fool,' with Galli-Curci singing during the first interval, Nora Bayes during the second interval, and Master Coogan placed in a box where everyone in the audience could see him? Then we should get through all the worked-up crazes in one evening, and have a rest."

When Patti First Appeared.

How different when Patti came to London in the 'sixties! A veteran, a diner-out, a subscriber to the Opera, was telling me about that unheralded but historic event. "I was at the races," he said; "and just before the chief race someone—I forget now who it was—said: 'Going to Covent Garden to-night?' I didn't even know what was on, and he just remembered that it was 'La Sonnambula.' We agreed to go together, but it wasn't until I got to the Opera House that I knew that a new soprano was making her début."

"When Patti appeared there was hardly any applause at all. I remember feeling sorry for her—she looked such a frightened little thing. But her first song was enough. It sent a flame through the house. Next day her name was on everyone's lips."

The Gramophone Talker.

Plenty of election stories, of course! The best I have heard comes from Yorkshire. A candidate greatly interrupted stopped in the middle of his speech. "I wish," he said, "that that interrupter would

put me a definite question, or else would keep quiet."

"But he can't keep quiet," called out a voice from another part of the hall.

"What do you mean—he can't keep quiet?" repeated the candidate.

"Well, you see," responded this hidden voice, "when he was a child and was taken to be vaccinated they couldn't find the proper instrument. They had to use a gramophone needle, and he has gone on talking ever since."

Not So Many Interruptions.

At a meeting in Buckinghamshire the sitting Member paused impressively and asked, "What is it that I am standing here for to-night?" "Four hundred a year and no railway fares to pay," came the quick retort.

But, generally speaking, there has been not so much badinage and broad wit as in most elections. A more serious note has

Of late it has been noticeable how exceedingly well Lord Cavan, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, got on with Labour's War Minister, Mr. Stephen Walsh. Neither Lord Cavan nor Mr. Walsh possesses much height, and both are human men who like to carry on business in an atmosphere of friendliness.

Reandean.

There was quite a flavour of Reandean about the Repertory Players' production of "It Happened in Our Ardoran," at the Court Theatre the other Sunday. Mr. Campbell Gullan, who produced the play, and played the leading part (at a week's notice), and Mr. Walter Hugg, who was the young hero, are both in the cast of "In the Next Room," at the St. Martin's Theatre; while Miss Olga Lindo appeared for a long time under the Reandean banner.

Mr. Basil Dean might do worse than acquire this artless little play, although I think that elaborate lighting would kill it.

Our New Regent Street.

How quickly the rebuilding of Regent Street progresses. In another year it will be a new Regent Street, and although many people lament the loss of the Nash design—some talk much because they have heard others talk—it is not to be denied that many of the new buildings are worthy of the classic street.

The new Café Royal ought to be complete by next March. Only most detailed planning and engineering of the ablest kind have worked it, so that the alterations have gone on without interference to the daily business of the restaurant.

The famous cellars will be farther below ground than before—another

floor's depth. I hear, too, that the banquetting business—already so big that dinners have to be booked up two years ahead—is to become a still more important feature. One new room, capable of accommodating 800 diners, is being built. And there is to be a Masonic chapel that will rival anything in this country, or in Europe.

The wines at the great sale in Mincing Lane, when 14,500 dozens of bottles were sold, came from the Café Royal cellars. Not many restaurants could release so large a quantity, and still be able to point to cellars equipped to answer all demands likely to be made upon them for many years to come. I see that Luigi, of the Embassy Club, carried off all the 1917 Bollinger and the 1915 Clicquot. And the green Chartreuse, what there was of it, averaged £5 a bottle.



"OLD BILL" ENJOYING A LITTLE REPOSE: A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF BILLY THE WALRUS AT THE "ZOO."

Billy the Walrus, the Old Bill of the "Zoo," is shown in our photograph wearing his "tin hat" and enjoying a peaceful siesta, without having to inquire, "Where did that one go to, 'Erbert?'"

Photograph by Photopress.

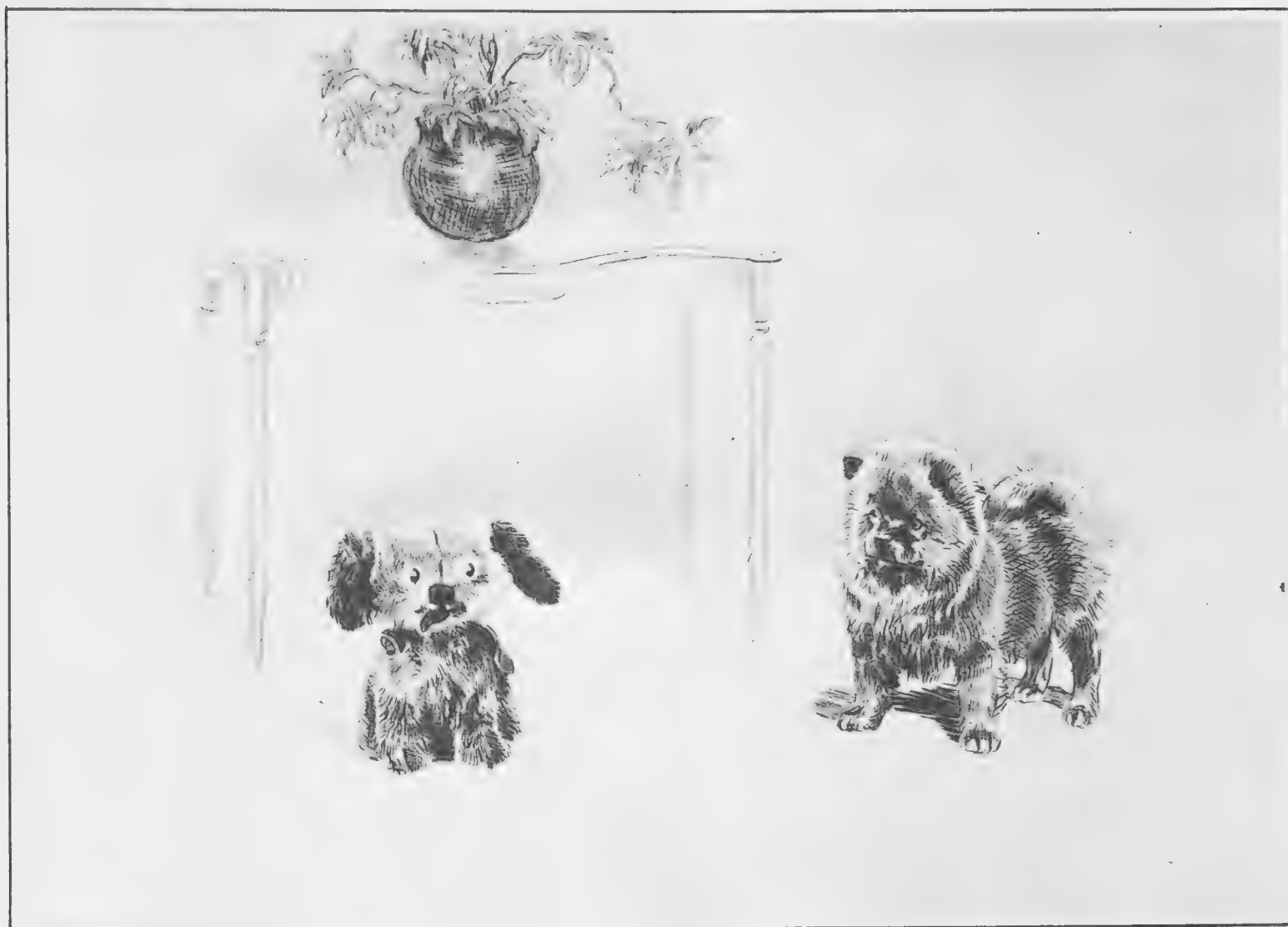
been abroad. People have seemed to want to hear facts stated and argued upon conclusively and with clearness.

Lord Cavan and Mr. Walsh.

Lord Cavan, whose wife—she used to be Lady Joan Mulholland—has given him a daughter, is a scientific soldier whose science is practical. As G.O.C. of the Guards Division he made one of the names of the war.

It is said in the Army that it was Lord Cavan who was the means of stopping the continued sacrifice of our troops in the bloody, costly Passchendaele Ridge fighting. He told the high authorities that his men, the Guards, were superior in physique and in length of training to the regiments of the Line, and that if they could not carry the hardest objectives, no men could.

Kirmse Dog Etchings: Third Series. No. II.



THE INTRUDER ("WHOSE BABY ARE YOU?")

YOU'RE not a dog—I feel quite sure of that;
 And I don't fancy, somehow, you're a cat,
 Although you look so smug. Why don't you speak?
 I know you can—at least, I heard you squeak
 When someone pinched you yesterday. You fright!
 Just turn your head this way and be polite.
 Where did you come from? My! how you do squint!
 Look here, young lop-ear, can you take a hint?
 There won't be room for you as well as me
 About the house, and I came first, you see!
 So toddle off—the front door's open. (Ooh!
 He doesn't move . . . whatever shall I do?
 I know! I'll drop him down the cellar stairs.
 . . . 'Sposin' he bites me? If he does—who cares?

JOE WALKER.

"Sketch" readers will remember that last week we published the first of our new series of Dog Etchings by Marguerite Kirmse, the famous animal artist, and special poems by Mr. Joe Walker. On this

page we give our second picture and poem, and feel sure that our readers will delight in the understanding of the canine mind and character which both artist and versifier express so admirably.

FROM THE ETCHING BY MARGUERITE KIRMSE.

One signed proof of this etching is available for purchase, price £2 10s. Application, accompanied by cheque or postal order, to be made to The Editor, "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand.

The Beautiful Wife of a Gordon Highlander at Home.



AT GULLANE: MRS. DE LANDE LONG.



THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF MAJOR AND MRS. DE LANDE LONG: MISS PAULA DE LANDE LONG.

These delightful photographs of Mrs. de Lande Long and her children were taken at the house she had for the summer at Gullane, near North Berwick. Mrs. de Lande Long is the wife of Major de Lande Long, D.S.O., Gordon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMERA PORTRAITS.



WELL OUT OF THE BUNKER: MRS. DE LANDE LONG ON THE LINKS AT GULLANE.

Highlanders, and was formerly Miss Nan Paterson. She is a fine all-round athlete, and skates beautifully. She is also a strong swimmer, and has the Humane Society's Testimonial for Saving Life at Sea.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER: MRS. DE LANDE LONG.

A Family Study.



WITH JOHN AND PETER: MRS. EUAN WALLACE.

Mrs. Euan Wallace is the eldest daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect, and of Lady Emily Lutyens, and is the sister of the new Lady Ridley, whose marriage took place last week. Mrs. Wallace married Captain David Euan Wallace, M.C., in 1920, as his second

wife, and has two small sons, John and Peter, who are shown with her in our portrait study. Captain Euan Wallace is the Unionist candidate for Hornsey in the Election, polling for which takes place to-day, Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

THE HONEYMOON IN OUR FINEST NORMAN CASTLE:



THE HEREDITARY LORD ADMIRAL OF
LADY TALBOT

WHERE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE BROUGHT HIS BRIDE:
MALAHIDE CASTLE, THE ANCIENT FAMILY SEAT.



WITH THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY ON THE LEFT: ANOTHER VIEW
OF THE DINING-ROOM.



WITH LADY TALBOT—FORMERLY MISS JOYCE KERR:
LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

Our "at-home" pictures of Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide were taken at Lord Talbot's Irish seat, Malahide Castle, Dublin, where the honeymoon is being spent. Malahide Castle is a very ancient building, and is the historic seat of the Talbot family. It is considered to be the finest specimen of pure Norman architecture in Great Britain, and contains a number of family pictures and much old furniture. It will be remembered

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE.

LORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE AT HOME.



MALAHIDE AND HIS BRIDE: LORD AND DE MALAHIDE.



SHOWING THE FAMILY PORTRAITS: THE DINING-ROOM AT MALAHIDE CASTLE.



WITH HIS BRIDE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE ACTOR, MR. FRED KERR: LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WONDERFUL OLD HOME OF THE TALBOT FAMILY: THE ANCIENT ABBEY.

that Lady Talbot is the elder daughter of Mr. Fred Kerr, the actor, and Baron, and is Hereditary Admiral of Malahide and the Seas Adjoining. at the *première* at the Ambassadors', where Mr. Fred Kerr is appearing.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



TOMMY AND TUPPENCE.

A DETECTIVE SERIES BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Author of "The Man in the Brown Suit," "The Man Who Was Number Four," "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot" "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," "The Secret Adversary," etc.

No. VI.—THE SUNNINGHALL MYSTERY.

"DO you know where we are going to lunch to-day, Tuppence?"

Mrs. Beresford considered the question.

"The Ritz?" she suggested hopefully.

"Think again."

"That nice little place in Soho?"

"No." Tommy's tone was full of importance. "An A.B.C. shop. This one, in fact."

He drew her deftly inside an establishment of the kind indicated, and steered her to a corner marble-topped table.

"Excellent," said Tommy, with satisfaction, as he seated himself. "Couldn't be better."

"Why has this craze for the simple life come upon you?" demanded Tuppence.

"You see, Watson, but you do not observe. I wonder now whether one of these haughty damsels would condescend to notice us? Splendid—she drifts this way. It is true that she appears to be thinking of something else, but doubtless her subconscious mind is functioning busily with such matters as ham-and-eggs and pots of tea. Chop and fried potatoes, please, Miss; and a large coffee, a roll-and-butter, and a plate of tongue for the lady."

The waitress repeated the order in a scornful tone, but Tuppence leant forward suddenly and interrupted her.

"No, not a chop and fried potatoes. This gentleman will have a cheese-cake and a glass of milk."

"A cheese-cake and a milk," said the waitress, with even deeper scorn, if that were possible. Still thinking of something else, she drifted away again.

"That was uncalled for," said Tommy coldly.

"But I'm right, am I not? You *are* the Old Man in the Corner? Where's your piece of string?"

Tommy drew a long twisted mesh of string from his pocket and proceeded to tie a couple of knots in it.

"Complete to the smallest detail," he murmured.

"You made a small mistake in ordering your meal, though."

"Women are so literal-minded," said Tommy. "If there's one thing I hate it's milk to drink, and cheese-cakes are always so yellow and bilious-looking."

"Be an artist," said Tuppence. "Watch me attack my cold tongue. Jolly good stuff, cold tongue. Now then, I'm all ready to be Miss Polly Burton. Tie a large knot and begin."

"First of all," said Tommy, "speaking in a strictly unofficial capacity, let me point out this. Business is not too brisk lately. If business does not come to us, we must go to business. Apply our minds to one of the great public mysteries of the moment. Which brings me to the point—the Sunninghall Mystery."

"Ah!" said Tuppence, with deep interest. "The Sunninghall Mystery!"

Tommy drew a crumpled piece of newspaper from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"That is the latest portrait of Captain Sessle as it appeared in the *Daily Leader*."

"Just so," said Tuppence. "I wonder someone doesn't sue these newspapers sometimes. You can see it's a man, and that's all."

"When I said the Sunninghall Mystery, I

should have said the so-called Sunninghall Mystery," went on Tommy rapidly. "A mystery to the police, perhaps, but not to an intelligent mind."

"Tie another knot," said Tuppence.

"I don't know how much of the case you remember," continued Tommy quietly.

"All of it," said Tuppence; "but don't let me cramp your style."

"It was just over three weeks ago," said Tommy, "that that gruesome discovery was made on the famous golf links. Two members of the club who were enjoying an early round were horrified to find the body of a man lying face downwards on the seventh tee. Even before they turned him over they had guessed him to be Captain Sessle, a well-known figure on the links, and who always wore a golf coat of a peculiarly bright blue colour."

"Captain Sessle was often seen out on the links early in the morning practising, and it was thought at first that he had been suddenly overcome by some form of heart disease. But examination by a doctor revealed the sinister fact that he had been murdered, stabbed to the heart with a significant object—a woman's hat-pin. He was also found to have been dead at least twelve hours."

"That put an entirely different complexion on the matter, and very soon some interesting facts came to light. Practically the last person to see Captain Sessle alive was his friend and partner, Mr. Hollaby, of the Porcupine Assurance Company, and he told his story as follows—

"Sessle and he had played a round earlier in the day. After tea, the former suggested that they should play a few more holes before it got too dark to see. Hollaby assented. Sessle seemed in good spirits, and was in excellent form. There is a public footpath that crosses the links, and just as they were playing up to the sixth green Hollaby noticed a woman coming along it. She was very tall and dressed in brown, but he did not observe her particularly, and Sessle, he thought, did not notice her at all."

"The footpath in question crosses in front of the seventh tee," continued Tommy. "The woman had passed along this, and was standing at the farther side, as though waiting. Captain Sessle was the first to reach the tee, as Mr. Hollaby was replacing the pin in the hole. As the latter came towards the tee, he was astonished to see Sessle and the woman talking together. As he came nearer, they both turned abruptly, Sessle calling over his shoulder, 'Shan't be a minute.'"

"The two of them walked off side by side, still deep in earnest conversation. The footpath there leaves the course, and, passing between two narrow hedges of neighbouring gardens, comes out on the road to Windlesham."

"Captain Sessle was as good as his word. He reappeared within a minute or two, much to Hollaby's satisfaction, as two other players were coming up behind them, and the light was failing rapidly. They drove off, and at once Hollaby noticed that something had occurred to upset his companion. Not only did he fizzle his drive badly, but his face was worried and his forehead creased in a big frown. He hardly answered his companion's remarks, and his golf was atrocious."

Evidently something had occurred to put him completely off his game.

"They played that hole and the eighth, and then Captain Sessle declared abruptly that the light was too bad and that he was off home. Just at that point there is another of those narrow 'slips' leading to the Windlesham road, and Captain Sessle departed that way, which was a short cut to his home, a small bungalow on the road in question. The other two players came up—a Major Barnard and Mr. Lecky—and to them Hollaby mentioned Captain Sessle's sudden change of manner. They also had seen him speaking to the woman in brown, but had not been near enough to see her face. All three men wondered what she could have said to upset their friend to that extent."

"They returned to the club-house together, and, as far as was known at the time, were the last people to see Captain Sessle alive. The day was a Wednesday, and on Wednesdays cheap tickets to London are issued. The man and wife who ran the small bungalow were up in town, according to custom, and did not return until the late train. They entered the bungalow as usual, and supposed their master to be in his room asleep. Mrs. Sessle, his wife, was away on a visit."

"The murder of the Captain was a nine-days wonder. Nobody could suggest a motive for it. The identity of the tall woman in brown was eagerly discussed, but without result. The police were, as usual, blamed for their supineness—most unjustly, as time was to show. For a week later a girl called Doris Evans was arrested and charged with the murder of Captain Anthony Sessle."

"The police had had little to work upon: a strand of fair hair caught in the dead man's fingers, and a few threads of flame-coloured wool caught on one of the buttons of his blue coat. Diligent inquiries at the railway station and elsewhere had elicited the following facts—

"A young girl, dressed in a flame-coloured coat and skirt, had arrived by train that evening about seven o'clock, and had asked the way to Captain Sessle's house. The same girl had reappeared again at the station, two hours later. Her hat was awry and her hair tousled, and she seemed in a state of great agitation. She inquired about the trains back to town, and was continually looking over her shoulder as though afraid of something."

"Our police force is in many ways very wonderful. With this slender evidence to go upon, they managed to track down the girl and identify her as one Doris Evans. She was charged with murder, and cautioned that anything she might say would be used against her, but she nevertheless persisted in making a statement, and this statement she repeated again in detail, without any substantial variation, at the subsequent proceedings."

"Her story was this. She was a typist by profession, and had made friends one evening, in a cinema, with a well-dressed man who declared he had taken a fancy to her. His name, he told her, was Anthony, and he suggested that she should come down to his bungalow at Sunninghall. She had no idea then, or at any other time, that he had a wife. It was arranged between them that she should come down on the following Wednesday—the day, you will remember, when his servants would be absent and his wife

(Continued on Page 249.)

This Week's Studdy.



BONZO'S TONY-HUNT GOES TO POT.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Not Sure of Their Return Tickets to Westminster.



--WILL--THE--COUNTRY SEND THEM BACK--PARLIAMENTARIANS CARICATURED.

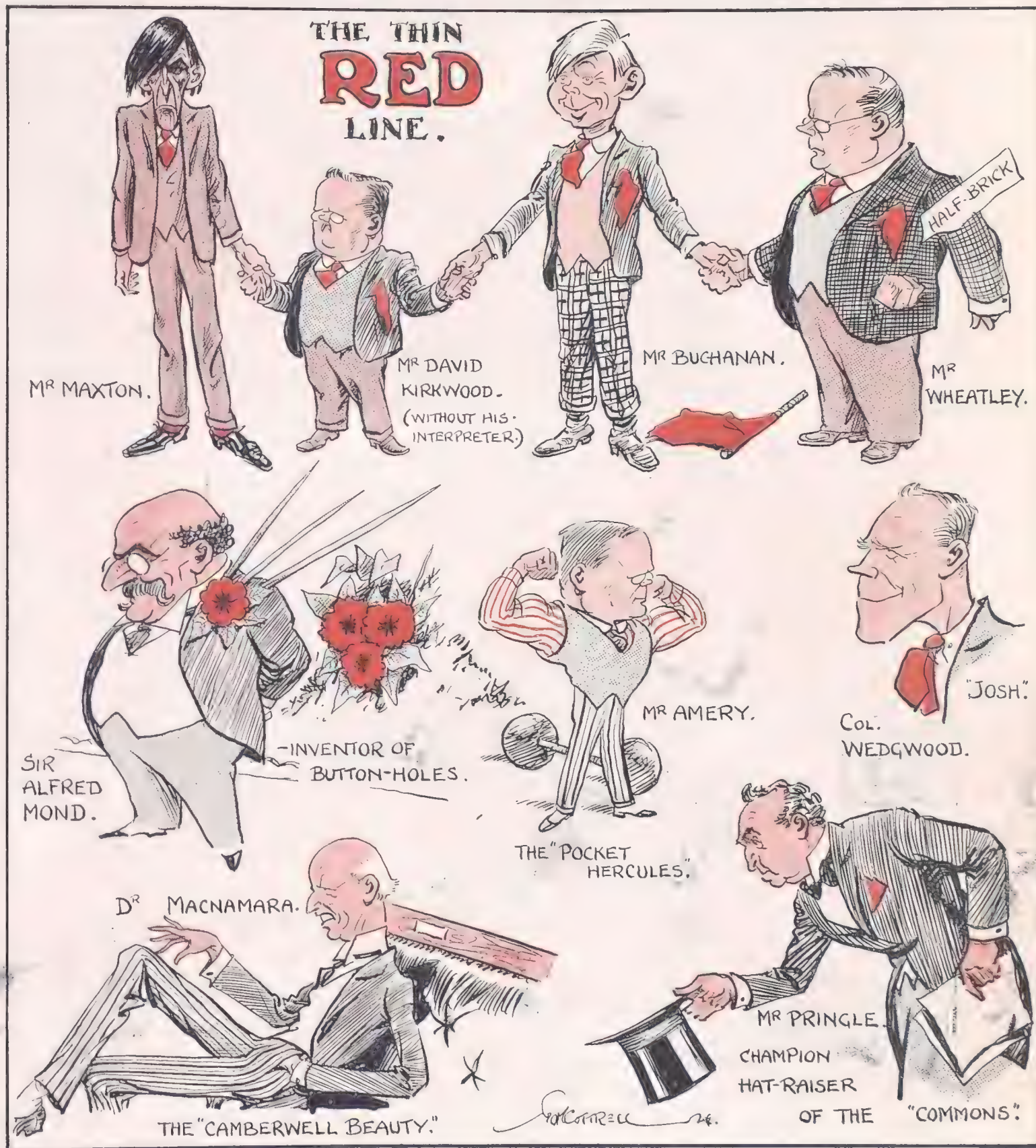
The noble company of politicians illustrated on our two pages of caricatures are drawn from the ranks of all the three parties who are to receive the

verdict of the country to-day, Oct. 29. Some of them, no doubt, have a "dead cert." in regard to receiving their "return ticket" from the country

[Continued opposite.

DRAWN BY TOM COTTRELL.

Not Sure of Their Return Tickets to Westminster.



WILL THE COUNTRY SEND THEM BACK? PARLIAMENTARIANS CARICATURED.

Continued.]

to Westminster; but no one can be absolutely certain of the result of the poll till it is actually counted. No doubt there will be some surprises for

everyone when the results come out, and we know for certain which party is to rule us through the coming winter.

DRAWN BY TOM COTTRELL.



A WARWICKSHIRE HUNTING NOTE: THE QUARRY

(M.D.H., needless to say, stands

DRAWN BY AL



OF SIR GUY, M.D.H., HAS GONE TO EARTH!

(for Master of Dragon Hunt).

FRED LEETE.

Wife of the Liberal Candidate for Leith.



FORMERLY MISS MARGARET HOLMES: MRS. WEDGWOOD BENN.

Mrs. Wedgwood Benn is the charming wife of Captain W. Wedgwood Benn, D.S.O., D.F.C., son of Sir John Williams Benn, first Baronet (formerly M.P. for Devonport), and is the daughter of Mr. Daniel Turner Holmes, formerly Member for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire. She was married in 1920, and has a

little boy, born in 1921. Captain Wedgwood Benn sat for the St. George's Division of Tower Hamlets from 1906 till 1918, was elected for Leith in the elections of 1918, 1922, and 1923, and is contesting the seat against a Labour candidate this election, the polling for which takes place to-day, the 29th.

Photograph by Yevonde.

The Wife of the Conservative Candidate for Bournemouth.



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD BORWICK: THE HON. LADY CROFT.

The Hon. Lady Croft is the wife of Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bt., C.M.G., who has represented Bournemouth since 1918, and who is contesting this election—polling for which takes place to-day—against a feminine Labour candidate, Miss M. Pallister. Lady Croft is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Borwick,

was married in 1907, and has one son and two daughters. Sir Henry Page Croft received his Baronetcy in the New Year's Honours List of this year. He and Lady Croft have a town house, in Southwell Gardens, and a residence, Knole, at Bournemouth, and are both very popular in society.

Photograph by Lafayette.

From London's "Punch-Bowl" to N'York's "Louis XIV."



Miss Doris Patston is one of the young English artists who have attracted the attention of the great American "showman," Ziegfeld, of the famous Ziegfeld Follies, and is to go to the U.S.A., together with Miss Greta Fayne, in order to appear



in the new musical play, "Louis XIV.," adapted from the German by Arthur Wimperis, who is now in New York. She is at present appearing in "The Punch Bowl," and has also been seen at the New Princes "Five o'Clock Follies."

A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO IS BOUND FOR THE U.S.A. : MISS DORIS PATSTON.

Camera Portraits by Hugh Cecil.

Continued.]

away from home. In the end he told her his full name was Anthony Sessle, and gave her the name of his house.

"She duly arrived at the bungalow on the evening in question, and was greeted by Sessle, who had just come in from the links. Though he professed himself delighted to see her, the girl declared that from the first his manner was strange and different. A half-acknowledged fear sprang up in her, and she wished fervently that she had not come.

"After a simple meal, which was all ready and prepared, Sessle suggested going out for a stroll. The girl consenting, he took her out of the house, down the road, and along the "slip" on to the golf course. And then suddenly, just as they were crossing the seventh tee, he seemed to go completely mad. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he brandished it in the air, declaring that he had come to the end of his tether.

"Everything must go! I'm ruined—done for. And you shall go with me. I shall shoot you first—then myself. They will find our bodies here in the morning side by side—together in death."

"And so on—a lot more. He had hold of Doris Evans by the arm, and she, realising she had to do with a madman, made frantic efforts to free herself, or, failing that, to get the revolver away from him. They struggled together, and in that struggle he must have torn out a piece of her hair and got the wool of her coat entangled on a button.

"Finally, with a desperate effort, she freed herself, and ran for her life across the golf links, expecting every minute to be shot down with a revolver bullet. She fell twice, tripping over the heather, but eventually regained the road to the station and realised that she was not being pursued.

"That is the story that Doris Evans tells, and from which she has never varied. She strenuously denies that she ever struck at him with a hat-pin in self-defence—a natural enough thing to do under the circumstances, though, and one which may well be the truth. In support of her story a revolver has been found in the furze-bushes near where the body was lying. It had not been fired.

"Doris Evans has been sent for trial, but the mystery still remains a mystery. If her story is to be believed, who was it who stabbed Captain Sessle? The other woman, the tall woman in brown whose appearance so upset him? So far, no one has explained her connection with the case. She appears out of space suddenly on the footpath across the links, she disappears along the slip, and no one ever hears of her again. Who was she? A local resident? A visitor from London? If so, did she come by car or by train? There is nothing remarkable about her except her height; no one seems to be able to describe her appearance. She could not have been Doris Evans, for Doris Evans is small and fair, and, moreover, was only just then arriving at the station."

"The wife?" suggested Tuppence. "What about the wife?"

"A very natural suggestion. But Mrs. Sessle is also a small woman, and, besides, Mr. Hollaby knows her well by sight. And there seems no doubt that she was really away from home. One further development has come to light. The Porcupine Assurance Company is in liquidation. The accounts reveal the most daring misappropriation of funds. The reasons for Captain Sessle's wild words to Doris Evans are now quite apparent. For some years past he must have been systematically embezzling money. Neither Mr. Hollaby nor his son had any idea of what was going on. They are practically ruined.

"The case stands like this. Captain Sessle was on the verge of discovery and ruin. Suicide would be a natural solution, but the nature of the wound rules that theory out. Who killed him? Was it

Doris Evans? Was it the mysterious woman in brown?"

Tommy paused, took a sip of milk, made a wry face, and bit cautiously at the cheese-cake.

"Of course," he murmured, "I saw at once where the hitch in this particular case lay, and just where the police were going astray."

"Yes?" said Tuppence eagerly.

Tommy shook his head sadly.

"I wish I did. Tuppence, it's dead easy being the Old Man in the Corner up to a certain point. But the solution beats me. Who did murder the beggar? I don't know."

He took some more newspaper cuttings out of his pocket.

"Further exhibits. Mr. Hollaby. His son. Mrs. Sessle. Doris Evans."

Tuppence pounced on the last, and looked at it for some time.

"She didn't murder him, anyway," she remarked at last. "Not with a hatpin."

"Why this certainty?"

"A Lady Molly touch. She's got bobbed hair. Only one woman in twenty uses hatpins nowadays, anyway—long hair or short. Hats fit tight and pull on—there's no need for such a thing."

"Still, she might have had one by her."

"My dear boy, we don't keep them as heirlooms! What on earth should she have brought a hat-pin down to Sunninghall for?"

"Then it must have been the other woman—the woman in brown."

"I wish she hadn't been tall. Then she could have been the wife. I always suspect wives who are away at the time and so couldn't have had anything to do with it. If she found her husband carrying on with that girl, it would be quite natural for her to go for him with a hat-pin."

"I shall have to be careful, I see," remarked Tommy.

But Tuppence was deep in thought and refused to be drawn.

"What were the Sessles like?" she asked suddenly. "What sort of things did people say about them?"

"As far as I can make out, they were very popular. He and his wife were supposed to be devoted to one another. That's what makes the business of the girl so odd. It's the last thing you'd have expected of a man like Sessle. He was an ex-soldier, you know. Came into a good bit of money, retired, and went into this insurance business. The last man in the world, apparently, whom you would have suspected of being a crook."

"Is it absolutely certain that he was the crook? Couldn't it have been the other two who took the money?"

"The Hollabys? They say they're ruined."

"Oh, they say! Perhaps they've got it all in a bank under another name. I put it foolishly, I daresay, but you know what I mean. Suppose they'd been speculating with the money for some time, unbeknownst to Sessle, and lost it all. It might be jolly convenient for them that Sessle died just when he did."

Tommy tapped the photograph of Mr. Hollaby senior with his finger-nail.

"So you're accusing this respectable gentleman of murdering his friend and partner? You forget that he parted from Sessle on the links in full view of Barnard and Lecky, and spent the evening in the dormy-house. Besides, you forget the hat-pin."

"Bother the hat-pin!" said Tuppence impatiently. "That hat-pin, you think, points to the crime having been committed by a woman?"

"Naturally. Don't you agree?"

"No. Men are notoriously old-fashioned. It takes them ages to rid themselves of preconceived ideas. They associate hat-pins and hair-pins with the female sex, and call

them 'women's weapons.' They may have been in the past, but they're both rather out of date now. Why, I haven't had a hat-pin or a hair-pin for the last four years."

"Then you think——?"

"That it was a man killed Sessle. The hat-pin was used to make it seem a woman's crime."

"There's something in what you say, Tuppence," said Tommy slowly. "It's extraordinary how things seem to straighten themselves out when you talk a thing over."

Tuppence nodded.

"Everything must be logical—if you look at it the right way. And remember what Marriot once said about the amateur point of view—that it had the *intimacy*. We know something about people like Captain Sessle and his wife. We know what they're likely to do—and what they're not likely to do. And we've each got our special knowledge."

Tommy smiled.

"You mean," he said, "that you are an authority on what people with bobbed and shingled heads are likely to have in their possession, and that you have an intimate acquaintance with what wives are likely to feel and do?"

"Something of the sort."

"And what about me? What is my special knowledge? Do husbands pick up girls, etc.?"

"No," said Tuppence gravely. "You know the course—you've been on it—not as a detective searching for clues, but as a golfer. You know about golf, and what's likely to put a man off his game."

"It must have been something pretty serious to put Sessle off his game. His handicap's two, and from the seventh tee on he played like a child, so they say."

"Who say?"

"Barnard and Lecky. They were playing just behind him, you remember."

"That was after he met the woman—the tall woman in brown. They saw him speaking to her, didn't they?"

"Yes; at least——"

Tommy broke off. Tuppence looked up at him, and was puzzled. He was staring at the piece of string in his fingers, but staring with the eyes of one who sees something very different."

"Tommy—what is it?"

"Be quiet, Tuppence. I'm playing the sixth hole at Sunninghall. Sessle and old Hollaby are holing out on the sixth green ahead of me. It's getting dusk, but I can see that bright blue coat of Sessle's clearly enough. And on the footpath to the left of me there's a woman coming along. She hasn't crossed from the Ladies' Course—that's on the right—I should have seen her if she had done so. And it's odd I didn't see her on the footpath before—from the fifth tee, for instance."

He paused.

"You said just now I knew the course, Tuppence. Just behind the sixth tee there's a little hut or shelter made of turf. Anyone could wait in there until—the right moment came. They could change their appearance there. I mean—tell me, Tuppence; this is where your special knowledge comes in again—would it be very difficult for a man to look like a woman, and then change back to being a man again? Could he wear a skirt over plus fours, for instance?"

"Certainly he could. The woman would look a bit bulky—that would be all. A longish brown skirt, say, a brown sweater of the kind that both men and women wear, and a woman's felt hat with a bunch of side-curls attached each side. That would be all that was needed—I'm speaking, of course, of what would pass at a distance, which I take to be what you are driving at. Switch off the skirt, take off the hat and curls, and put on a man's cap, which you can carry rolled up in your hand, and there you'd be, back as a man again."

(Continued on Page xxxvi)



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE PELICAN." THE NEW PLAY AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

THE Russell case with a difference. Here the husband, a weak character though a fine soldier, under pressure of tyrannical parents, responsible for domestic infelicity, wins, and divorce is pronounced. Seventeen years after—in France—the wife, who has devoted all her life to her son (legitimate, despite the verdict), has fallen in love with her partner in business, and is about to marry him, when she discovers that her boy is determined to go into the Army. How is it to be done? He does not know his father; he has no father by law; yet the only man who can help him is his actual father. The family lawyer sees the way. Son and father shall meet unknown to one another. When they do, there is immediate sympathy, and the family likeness is so strong that the grandfather, still alive and suffering from amnesia, recognises in him his own son as he was in younger years. There is no longer any doubt as to the boy's identity, and in order to legitimise his position, the man who divorced his wife seventeen years ago proposes re-marriage, and (alas!) is accepted by the mother for the sake of her boy's career. Heaven only knows what her life will be after that; as she takes up the telephone to bid farewell to her lover she falters—hers is the complete sacrifice, and in my opinion, a wanton one. It was not a case of life and death for her son, nor a case of the country's call, it was merely a guarantee of career, and I think most mothers in 1924 would have acted otherwise, and sane sons of 1924 would not have countenanced their mother's immolation, when there are so many other ways of getting on in life. The opinions were very divided at the end. There was great discussion as we filed out, and the public, who received the play well enough, seemed a little damped by the conclusion. Had it been otherwise, the play would have achieved a triumph. Until the last scene of the last act, the tension of the house was acute. Those who analysed quickly felt, rightly enough, that the father could have easily bequeathed all his belongings to this son without coercing this outraged wife into a re-marriage bound to be loveless—an ill requital for seventeen years' penitence for a youthful waywardness. Besides, this forced ending to the play has the fault of discursiveness; after, the action is retarded by argument which would be more effective if it were not so terribly long-winded. For the rest—a fine piece of work: thoughtful, interesting, dramatic, with some clear-cut character drawings that gave great opportunities to the actors—Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the lover, a Frenchman of Jewish descent with a magnificent accent; Mr. Fred Kerr, poignant in a portrayal of senility; Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, a rigid mother-in-law with a touch of the Terry charm; Miss Rosina Filippi, all tenderness as an old servant living with the wife in exile; Charles Cherry, decisive and incisive as the family lawyer who acts as mediator between mother, son and father; Miss Elizabeth Pollock, typical as the aristocratic young lady of romantic inclinations, Chelsea accents, and a haughty manner. Mr. Herbert Marshall was the husband who divorced under pressure, and late in life, after a second marriage, would begin where he left off. The man is a painted lath made to look like iron, and Mr. Herbert Marshall brought this out to perfection. He made the character almost sympathetic. Miss Josephine Victor, new to London but with a reputation in America, was the long-suffering wife, and in one great effort made her name.

She is an actress of strong personality; her power is restraint; she is natural in all she does; she never accentuates unless the action demands it. She is as simple as life itself, and she feels and expresses the tides of emotion. She knows when to modulate and when to let passion burst forth into flame. Thus she had moments of exquisite tenderness and moments of forceful outburst. When she began she was all



AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"—A RÔLE IN WHICH SHE WILL BE SEEN AT THE "OLD VIC." ON NOV. 6: MISS ANITA DESMOND.

Miss Anita Desmond is the brilliant young prima donna who will be heard at the "Old Vic." on Nov. 6, as Marguerite in "Faust."

Photograph by Lasalle.

nerves, and struggled for composure; anon she mastered herself and became the mistress of the situation.

J. T. G.

II.

"OLD ENGLISH," THE GALSWORTHY PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET.

IT was Norman McKinnel's evening. His was a masterly creation of the stoic Old Englishman who was a ruler of men, a great bibber—descended from three-bottle men—yet, as is often the tragedy of age, a serf to a tyrannical daughter, and, secretly, the guardian of a family sprung from a son born beyond wedlock in his young and wild days. After this monumental characterisation of a figure as germane to life as the canvases of Rembrandt or

Velasquez, we would be justified in considering Norman McKinnel as one of the great actors of the age—greater than Guitry because his personality is as distinguished as his art. This achievement is all the more remarkable since really the old stoic was only great in shell and not in inwardness. He knew his power—he used it as a bully to a flock of shareholders; but inwardly, he was neither strong nor fair; he cowered to his spinster daughter; he had, perhaps, a soft spot for his grandchildren, but he was in reality not a fair specimen of that "Old English" which stands for honour with authority. Did he not even bargain a secret commission to make some sort of reserve for his left-handed family? Did he not make an old friend a party to this illegal transaction? Did he not admit, after he had stood up against a shady solicitor, who had smelt a rat and would have his pound of flesh, that the game was up, and seek solace in port and brandy, which gave his gouty heart and body the *coup de grâce*? Yet we forgave all this inherent weakness for the imposing aspect of the man. In every phase, we who know the City saw his counterpart in older days, when dominating figures ruled the masses and the flocks (of shareholders) with a rod of iron until—some day the Colossus revealed feet of clay and sometimes ended at the Old Bailey.

And if great praise is due to the actor, what of the imagination, the knowledge of the author who built up such a character, true to life in every detail, and who once more, with his wonderful dexterity, depicted phases of City life vivid in light and shade? True, Galsworthy has concentrated all his power on one man and one observation, as in "The Forest"; the rest of the environment, lifted as it is from the pages of a novel, is less poignant. The domestic picture of the great man's other family, with a mother who is a greedy, calculating, vulgar serial-writer, is rather satirical than true. They have lost much by the transfer to the stage. We feel their bookish origin; we scent, if we do not remember, or have not read the book, that they are not of the same mould as the central figure. The former belong to fiction; the latter is reality. This dualism will imperil the existence of the play, and an additional danger is that there is much "finance" in it—a subject that never greatly interests our public. In Galsworthy's Gallery, this work will take a secondary place, because it is a picture with one outstanding figure; the rest is unimportant, almost but chorus to the hero. Yet what capital dialogue, as usual; what economy of words to express a situation; what immense stage-craft, lessened only in the second act, which dwells too much on irrelevant detail.

A perfect ensemble over again: Miss Irene Rooke; Miss Joan Maude, fresh and precocious in her portrayal of a tomboy girl, a little too self-conscious as yet, but charming to behold and full of life; Mr. Reginald Bach, excellent as a young boy who is a little over-educated, and gradually unbends; Mr. H. R. Hignett, a senile picture of great veracity; Mr. Lawrence Hanray, smug yet aggressive as a tainted lawyer; Miss Louise Hampton, wasted on a small part, yet rigid and haughty in her very spinsterhood; Miss Ethne Honan, exquisite as an Irish maid, with honey on her lips and music in her parlance. Her utterance of the last words before the curtain fell—"The Grand Old Gentleman—the great old sinner"—crystallised the whole meaning of the play, and she spoke them from the heart with a tear in her voice. These words were echoed in the ovation to Norman McKinnel.

J. T. G.



AT THE NEW PRINCE'S RESTAURANT : MISS LAURIE DE VINE, THE AMERICAN ARTISTE.

Miss Laurie de Vine, the well-known American artiste, is now appearing at the "Frvolities" Cabaret at the New Prince's Restaurant, where her acrobatic dancing is rousing great interest. According to the "Daily Express," Miss de Vine is

a relative of the late Sir Michael O'Shaughnessy, once the Premier of Canada, and has danced both in America and in South Africa, where she had a considerable success in social as well as artistic circles.

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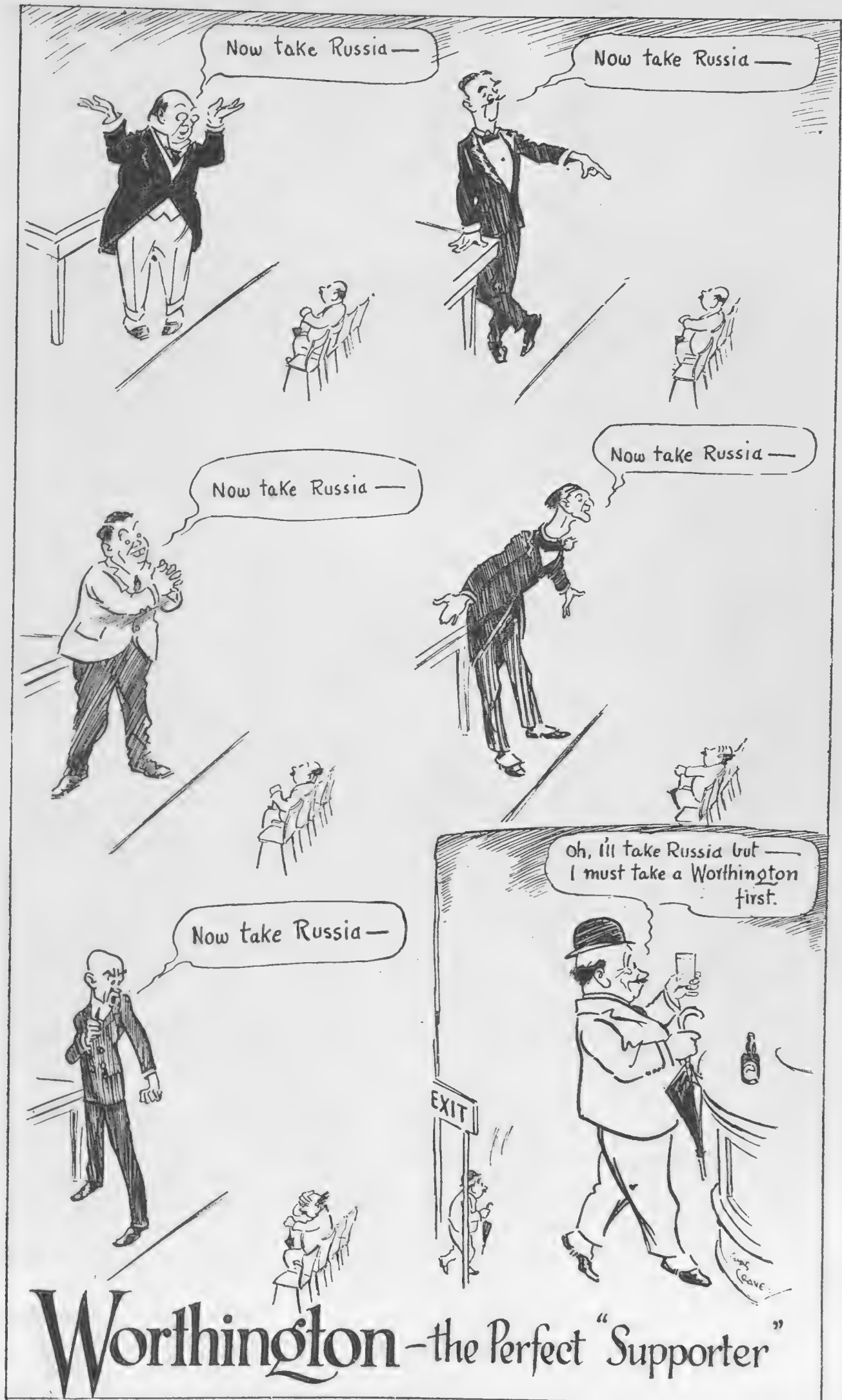


NOW TO BE SEEN AS "MICK," THE "WAR FLAPPER" HEROINE OF "REVEILLE": MISS BETTY BALFOUR.

Miss Betty Balfour is one of the greatest of our British film stars, and is now to be seen in the spécial season of the new Welsh-Pearson picture, "Reveille," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The film story deals with life in 1918-1923—giving one year of the war, and dealing with the amazing "sham boom" of 1919, and has for its leading

character, Mick, the "War Flapper." The picture was shown once in the summer at a matinée in aid of Earl Haig's British Legion appeal, and was described by the Prince of Wales as a "jolly good film." Our photograph of Miss Betty Balfour was taken at Birching-ton, where she recently went to enjoy a holiday.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



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Plays of the Moment: No. XLVII. "The Whirl of the World."



HOW TO BE DECENTLY DRUNK: MISS NELLIE WALLACE IN "NEIGHBOURS," AT THE PALLADIUM.

Miss Nellie Wallace gives a wonderful exhibition of how to be decently "tight" in "Neighbours," one of the numbers in "The Whirl of the World," at the Palladium. She takes the rôle of Mrs. Jones, who, with her husband, Mr. Jones (Mr. Billy

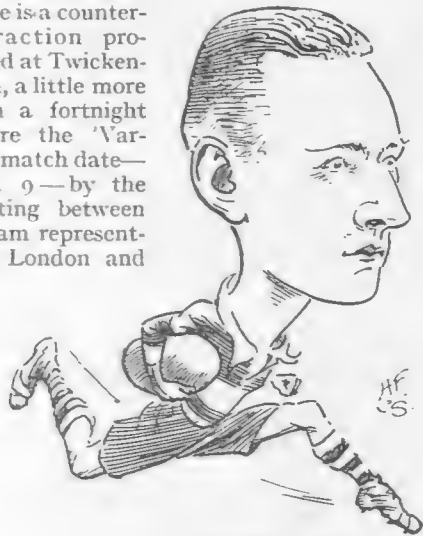
Merson) visits and is visited by the Greens—both couples being what Burns called "drouthy neibors"—who can sit "getting fou and unco happy." Our page of photographs shows Miss Nellie Wallace's rendering of Mrs. Jones enjoying this process!

Photographs by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE doings of the 'Varsities about this time of the year always provide a fund of interest for their numerous supporters. As a rule the meeting of the rival Blues at Twickenham eclipses every other fixture on the Calendar—whetting the appetite for the International matches that come later. This year, though nothing can rob the 'Varsity match of its perennial attraction (for, like the Boat Race, it embodies all the ingredients of sport in its highest form), there is a counter-attraction provided at Twickenham, a little more than a fortnight before the 'Varsity match date—Dec. 9—by the meeting between a team representing London and



W. WALLACE.
Percy Park.

our (so far) unconquered visitors from New Zealand. Both 'Varsity teams were playing in the vicinity of the great Metropolis on Oct. 18: Oxford against the Old Merchant Taylors at Teddington, Cambridge at Twickenham opposed by the Harlequins.

It was rumoured before the latter match that the Light Blue captain, A. T. Young, would not be able to take his place in the team, because the ankle which he injured during the South African tour was giving him trouble. But he was there right enough, revelling in the beautiful green turf beneath his feet, which must have felt as soft as a feather-bed to fall upon, after the hard, grass-less grounds of Johannesburg, Kimberley, Pretoria, etc. He was just the same

busy, nippy hub of his side as he was when I last saw him opening up the game for the English backs at Twickenham, last March, in that great match with Scotland for the Calcutta Cup. Arthur Young is the very last player who could be said to let the grass grow under his feet; but perhaps the novelty of finding it there was the cause of some of his passes lacking their usual celerity and accuracy in direction. Cambridge went off at once at a great

pace. Devitt, on the right wing, was quickly in the picture. He threatened to break through the defence of the "Quins" by bustling their backs with a mixture of swerves and feints and cross-kicks, all administered at once. But these all-of-a-sudden tactics bore no fruit—though they deserved to. It was difficult to say in detail what happened when he had the ball, and why such bewildering rapidity fizzled out so suddenly.

Quite a disappointment was caused by the non-appearance on the field of the Welsh International, Rowe Harding, now a "fresher" at Cambridge. His name was down on the programme, and many people credited his deputy, G. A. C. Field, with being the famous Swansea "winger." The try which the latter got certainly would have done no dishonour to Harding. Field showed a remarkably clean pair of studs on each of his heels to the Harlequins' backs; while his manner towards the full-back was, to say the least of it, thoroughly unsociable. Francis, Young's partner in the firm of live-ball dealers at Tonbridge, and in last year's 'Varsity match, was unable to assist his captain. In his stead, the Old Haileyburyan, A. F. Hamilton-Smythe, was given a place in the team.

I remember a big individual effort made by this player last season in the Haileybury-Uppingham match. In the last few minutes of the game, when Uppingham were leading



R. J. HILLARD,
Oxford forward.

by 9 points to 6, Hamilton-Smythe got possession of the ball somewhere near the halfway line, and ran through the whole opposition to score between the posts—thus winning the match for Haileybury. His contribution to the score at Twickenham—a cleverly dropped goal—had much to do with the victory of Cambridge over the Harlequins by 12 points to 8. The 'Varsity forwards were a lively, clever lot—Ross Skinner particularly being in great form at the line-out. Had their back division worked more harmoniously, they should have won by a bigger margin. They were apt to run bunched together; and their passing was ill-timed and too obvious, so giving the defence little to guess at. It was a fast, open game—play being first in the "Quins" twenty-five, and then in their opponents'. There were quite enough penalties administered.

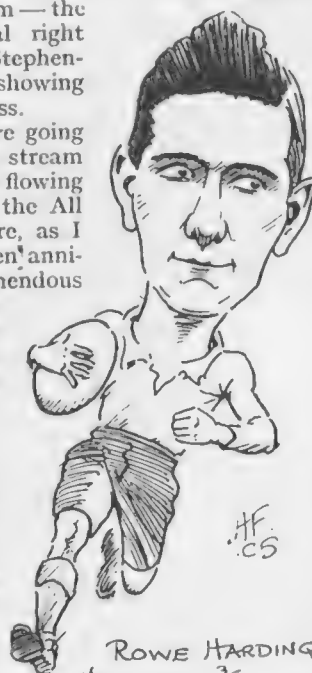
At Teddington, Oxford proved far too formidable for the Old Merchant Taylors.

R. Cove-Smith, recently returned from South Africa, where he was captain of

the British team, worked as hard as ever in the scrum, and received able support from others of the pack. But Oxford's three-quarters were constantly in possession, and the O.M.T.s' defence was inadequate. Jacob, the English three-quarter, and the Scottish International pair, Wallace and Macpherson, were continually testing the tackling ability of the Taylors—and finding holes in it. The final score, in Oxford's favour, was 20 points to 8. That

hardy perennial, W. I. Cheesman, who was Oxford's scrum half in 1910-11 (when that grand three-quarter, R. Poulton-Palmer, was such a force for the Dark Blues), was putting in a lot of useful work in defence, and converted one of the two tries for the Old Merchant Taylors. He must be very nearly the oldest man playing in first-class Rugger today. He is just a year senior to W. J. A. Davies, who was born in 1890. I see the famous old English "stand-off" was playing three-quarter (right-centre) for the United Services recently; and on the other side—the Royal Naval College—was his old partner in many an International, the equally famous C. A. Kershaw. The Services' three-quarters were in great form—the Irish International right wing, H. W. V. Stephenson, especially showing pace and cleverness.

Now what are we going to do to stem the stream of victories that is flowing so persistently for the All Blacks? Yorkshire, as I write, has just been annihilated by the tremendous score of 42 points to 4. When a side cannot stop their opponents from making a habit of running over their goal-line at regular intervals, it is not a very elevating spectacle. At Bradford, I understand the Yorkshire in-goal was simply infested with New Zealanders. This was the state of affairs, too, at Swansea (look you); and against the North Midlands, at Birmingham, they swarmed like ants about the goal-line. Can nothing be done to check this kind of thing? Will Ireland be capable of giving them at least a good game on Saturday next? These are weighty questions, my friends. And we shall not have to wait long for an answer to the last of them.



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The Horse.

Allow me to draw your attention to the horse. It may be, of course, that your attention has been concentrated on the horse for some years past, and it is possible that you have been heard to curse the day when such an animal was ever created.

Even so, I shall still venture to call your attention to the horse. Strange as it may seem to many people, the horse was not, in the first instance, created for the benefit of bookmakers and the downfall of backers. Not at all. The horse was created as the friend and helpmeet of man, and also to set man a good example.

The average horse is a great deal better than the average man. Here and there you may come across a vicious horse, but I would rather know a vicious horse than a vicious man or woman. The horse, if he dislikes you, does frankly let fly, punishment or no punishment. But the vicious human being indulges his spite in devious methods, hoping thereby to injure the person disliked and escape all punishment.

As for the good horse, who is easily in the majority, can you name one human being who possesses so many lovable qualities? Such faithfulness, such courage, such affection, such meekness, such a complete abnegation of self? The good horse is not far short of a dumb angel, and I would give short shrift to the man who would take advantage of that dumbness to wreak his filthy temper on the gentle friend that God gave him when He created the horse.

"Men and Horses I Have Known."

The name of the Hon. George Lambton is known and respected by all those multitudes who take an interest in the racecourse. He has spent a lifetime among the finest horses bred in these islands, and his social position enabled him to meet on equal terms the most distinguished of owners. He has now put together a book wherein he tells in detail the story of his life on the turf; and I commend this book very heartily to every lover of horses, whether he or she "goes racing" or not.

It is a book full of details of famous horses and notable races; but the quality that picks it out from most books of the kind is the author's keen understanding of the animal about which he writes. Here, it is plain to see, is a man who loves horses, and

whose success as a trainer must have been largely due to his genius for making horses love him in return. To discover this fact you must read between the lines, for our author is modestly personified.

A Destined Career.

He is one of those happy people who have spent their lives doing what they wanted to do and were born to do. From earliest boyhood he was associated with horses, and long before he went to Cambridge he had made his mark as a horseman. Still, it was the custom for young gentlemen to go to the University, so he scrambled, somehow or other, into Trinity College.

"Shortly after I arrived there," says he, "according to the usual custom, I went to pay my respects to my tutor. A very pleasant man he was, and, after a certain amount of the ordinary civilities, he asked

What He Learnt.

Nevertheless, he learnt at Cambridge one lesson that was to be of the greatest service to him all his life—namely, that no happiness can come from gambling for stakes that really matter with friends. If a man wants to gamble, there are always professional gamblers with whom it is just a matter of business to win or lose. If anything can be more unpleasant than losing a large sum of money at a friendly game, it is having to take a similar amount from a friend.

"There was very high gambling in those days," he writes, "at the University, and night after night I and my friends used to sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning trying to win money from each other. I very soon got tired of this, for it not only bored me, but it seemed to me a d—d stupid way of gambling. If you won, it generally meant you took the money out of the pocket of your best friend, who was probably not able to pay you. I have lived all my life among people whose custom it is to do this, and my early lesson at Cambridge, except on rare occasions, has kept me out of it. Of all the pursuits of amusement and excitement this high gambling amongst friends brings you the least satisfaction or profit."

Fred Archer.

But it is time we got to the horses—or, at any rate, to the jockeys.

Our author, of course, knew Fred Archer very well, and has a great deal of interest to say about him.

"In those days jockeys were allowed to bet, and Archer at times betted heavily, but on such occasions he did not always ride with his usual good judgment, for he said he was in too great a hurry to get home. But I have known him ride some wonderful races against his own money. On one occasion at Windsor, Golding asked him if he would ride a brute of a horse called Westwood, with no mouth and a habit of bolting out into the country.

Archer said, "I will if you like, but I don't mind telling you I am going to have £500 on Domino." Golding said that did not matter, as Westwood had no chance. In the race, Archer, riding like a demon, got up and beat Domino by a neck, after having twice gone nearly into the river in two false starts."

In those days there was no draw for places, and Archer was generally the first man out of the paddock, in order that he might get the rails. He never gave any trouble to the starter, and, like Donoghue, was always well



THE HONEYMOON COUPLES OF THE BASEBALL "INVADERS": MR. AND MRS. HUNTZINGER, MR. AND MRS. STIGEL, MR. AND MRS. MILLER, AND MR. AND MRS. YOUNG.

The famous U.S. baseball teams who have come over here, to popularise the American national game in England—the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox—arrived at Liverpool last week in the "Montroyal." Four of the players are making their baseball "invasion" their honeymoon trip as well. A certain amount of quite interesting baseball is played in this country, under the auspices of the American Legion, matches taking place at Stamford Bridge on Sundays; and there was once a London Baseball League. Just before the war the King witnessed a match at Stamford Bridge—the scene of the exhibition matches, the first of which was played last week, and the other two of which are fixed for Oct. 30 and Nov. 6, between the two visiting teams.

Photograph by C.N.

me if I had come to Cambridge to work or to amuse myself: if it was for the former purpose he would put me in the way of getting the best instruction possible, and would himself take interest in me; but, if my wish was for the latter, he could also tell me how to do the smallest amount of work, involving the least possible amount of friction with the authorities. Having unhesitatingly chosen the path of pleasure, so good was his advice that during the whole of that term I never attended a single lecture or did one stroke of work."

Continued next issue.

Continued.

away. But Archer, we learn, was sometimes too severe on a horse, and not always too scrupulous in his riding.

"William the Silent." One of the saddest little stories in this book is that of William the Silent. I would like to have it printed in huge type, and hung in every stable.

William the Silent belonged to the late John Corlett, the famous owner of the *Pink*



WITH THE KING JOHN LOVING CUP FROM WHICH PRINCE HENRY, AS HIGH STEWARD OF KING'S LYNN, TOOK A SIP OF WINE: MISS LYDIA BELOE.

When Prince Henry assumed the High Stewardship of King's Lynn, various traditional old-world customs were followed, in which a sword and loving cup, presented to the town by King John some 800 years ago, figured. Our photograph shows Miss Beloe, who presented the cup to Prince Henry for him to drink a sip of wine from it.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

'Un. Whenever William the Silent was entered for a race the *Pink 'Un* tipped it to win, and half the theatrical profession would put their money on him. But William the Silent could not win a race, so John Corlett wrote him down a hopeless rogue and sold him to Joe Cannon and the author of this volume for £150.

They soon discovered that there was nothing of the rogue about him whatever.

"After he [Cannon] had had the horse a short time he found that he was not the arch-thief that he was painted, but a poor, weak, shivering creature who had had his heart broken in trying to live up to a false reputation. With kindness and patience Joe restored courage to this really honest but moderate horse, and after he had run in three or four races, and found that he was not going to be flogged when he was beaten, he became as true as steel."

I can only hope that John Corlett himself never knew that the horse was flogged whenever he lost a race. Why doesn't the Jockey Club take more notice of such cases? And is it really necessary for a jockey to carry a whip at all? Many a race has been lost, I read in another part of this volume, through the jockey taking his whip to a horse that was already doing his utmost. A crowd that loves horses should wait on such a jockey and take the whip to him.

William the Silent. Well named, indeed.

The Old Tutor. There is a very pretty story of a filly called Canterbury Pilgrim. She was irritable, spiteful, and kicked at anything that

came near her. So the trainer found a tutor for her. The name of the tutor, a very sedate and experienced old horse, was Flare Up.

Flare Up was put in the adjoining box to Canterbury Pilgrim, and the partition was made very low, so that the two could see each other.

When Canterbury Pilgrim began to behave badly, biting and kicking the stable boy, old Flare Up would put his head over the partition and murmur a few words in horse language. Instantly Canterbury Pilgrim became as good as gold. Eventually, under the soothing tuition of Flare Up, she won the Oaks! Flare Up was with her until she left the paddock.

Dedication. I have marked many more passages in this delightful book, but you must get the volume and read them for yourself. The last paragraph of all, which faces a most charming picture of the author's wife and her second son, is as follows:

"On looking back, I sometimes wonder whether, if I began life again, I should take up the profession of a trainer of race-horses. It has many advantages, but it has also many drawbacks. With a large stable of horses there is very little time or leisure for other things; your horses occupy your thoughts to the exclusion of everything else, and the man who is not always thinking about them is not usually much good at his job. I remember once a long time ago some trainer being discussed and making the remark, 'Oh, you can wipe him out; he has just been married.' I was much chaffed by my friends about this when, at a future date, I had cause to alter this opinion and was married myself. I found that by so doing the rough passages of life were made smooth, and the pleasant ones delightful. Certainly without the help of my wife this book, whether for good or for bad, would never have seen the light, and it is to her that I dedicate its pages."

Nor will you be surprised when you see the picture of the lady.

"The Late Mr. Beverley." Much fun can be got out of a personage who does not and never did exist. Oscar Wilde made an immortal farce out of this idea, and I remember that some acquaintances of mine, years ago, invented a deceased husband for a certain lady housekeeper, and would enlarge at rural dinner-tables on his wonderful virtues, thus allaying scandal.

"The poor fellow was quite the favourite of the regiment," one rascal would say, and appeal to the other rascal to support this statement.

"Oh, yes, indeed! They got up a subscription for the widow, and that gave the poor thing a fresh start in life."

The "widow" became an object of deep interest to all the ladies of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Thomas Cobb, whose pen is always mercifully light, has used this excellent idea in his new novel, "The Late Mr. Beverley."

I suspected very early in the book that there was no such person as Mr. Beverley, and I think your pleasure will be increased if you grasp that before you begin the story.

Then why invent Mr. Beverley? Well, that is a delicate question to answer. If a lady falls in love, a lady may travel as far as Tunbridge Wells, I suppose? And if a lady finds herself in Tunbridge Wells, and it is too late to return that night, a lady must take shelter somewhere, I suppose?

And then, perhaps, if there is a war on, a lady may find herself alone in England. And what if the storks bring a small boy to the lady? Small boys are supposed to have fathers. Why should not daddy's name have been Beverley? A nice, respectable, English name. And that, roughly, was how Mr. Beverley came to be.

Ah, but there are sequels! Wars do not last for ever, and warriors are apt to return to England. They may even meet people whom they have once met at Tunbridge Wells. And, in that case, they would be quite likely to ask: "But who was Mr. Beverley?"

And then ladies may have to explain.

"I wonder whether I can make you understand," she said, with her eyes raised to his face.

"I feel I can believe any mortal thing now," answered Maxwell. "Then," he added, passing his hand across his eyes, "there never was a Beverley—"

"Never any other man in my life but you, Max dear. There never will be."

Max knew precisely what to do. What is more, he did it.

Men and Horses I Have Known. By the Hon. George Lambton. (Thornton Butterworth; 21s. net.)

The Late Mr. Beverley. By Thomas Cobb. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d. net.)



A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT ON HOLIDAY: MR. IAN HAY—MAJOR JOHN HAY BEITH (AUTHOR OF "THE SPORT OF KINGS") AND MRS. BEITH AT BIARRITZ.

Mr. Ian Hay—or, to use his actual name, Major John Hay Beith—the well-known novelist and playwright, whose "The Sport of Kings" is now running so successfully at the Savoy, has been on holiday at Biarritz with Mrs. Beith. Our snapshot shows them enjoying the sunshine on the Plage Basque, and carrying their model yacht down to the sea.—[Photograph by C.N.]



What is Baby trying to tell you?

He's had his bottle—or most of it—and now he won't go to sleep. He cries and fights with tiny clenched fists and kicking feet. If only he could tell you the trouble.

It is probably indigestion. Babies are so often fed on foods based on dried cows' milk—or on undiluted fresh cows' milk—and new-born babies simply cannot digest the unchanged casein which forms solid curd in the stomach.

Give him Almata and you will at once notice the difference.

Almata is a blend of Natural Foods which correspond so closely with breast milk that it is immediately assimilated and

builds strong healthy babies, contented and full of vigour.

If you cannot feed Baby yourself, rear him on Almata.

A doctor certifies Almata babies free from digestive disturbance.

Dear Sirs,

I have prescribed Almata for many infants under my care, with excellent results in all cases. Infants who have been fed from birth on Almata have been particularly free from minor ailments, well nourished, contented, and free from digestive disturbance. Their flesh has been firm, and their increase in weight consistent and good. They have shown no sign of rickets, and their teething has given no trouble.

I consider Almata a complete and ideal food for infants. (Signed).....M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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KEEN'S COMPLETE FOOD

Reduced in price to 2/1 and 4/- per tin.
Sold by all Chemists.

Send for the FREE Almata Book, which tells you just what to do and what to avoid in the care and feeding of infants. Use coupon opposite.

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Please send me "The Almata Book" free and postage paid.

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Gobel



Walking dress of brown kasha cloth. The originality of the fob collar & tunic effect is noteworthy.



Short coat of selected golden Nutria skins, beautifully stranded with soutach braid.



Coat frock in black chiffon serge faced with lemon cloth. The admirable lines of this model is completed by the band of dull gold & black embroidery at the waist.

223, Regent Street, London, W.1. and Harrogate.



Gossip from the Hunting World.



"Beaufortshire" Gets Busy. Thankful that the "summer"—save the name!—of our justifiable discontent

is now concluded, we proceed to the cheerier business of the chase, to which continual wet, soft going, and a winter temperature are so admirably suited that it already claims to be the best cubbing season that ever was, with an average of a brace to a morning, and lots of fun to boot. Well, the interval has settled some of life's little problems, and started others, as is always

who indulges a special hobby for ex-rectories, is putting her experience at Sopworth into her alterations at Stanton—another fine old parsonage, full of possibilities, which, under her artistic planning, is sure to be an immense success, though it will not be ready for occupation yet awhile.

Shufflings of the Cards.

Lady Cowley has decided to winter in town; but Seagry is so packed with priceless treasures that it is not to be let, and her cousin, Mr. Lionel Buxton, is keeping some horses there, and hopes to come to and fro for hunting as often as he can. The Sydney Hankeys will also be much missed; they, too, have gone to London for the winter, and have let Greenways to Captain and Mrs. Cannan for the season. The Greenways stud attracted much interest at Tattersall's, Shylock fetching most money at 410 guineas, whilst the average for the horses was 250 guineas. Draycot will be empty till nearer Christmas, as Captain Dixon, who is Chief Whip of the Ulster party, is so occupied with political matters just now. Hungerdown, Major Guy Fremantle's house at Seagry, will this time be occupied by Colonel and Mrs. D. F. Lewis, as Mrs. Lewis has just sold Avening Court. Interesting newcomers will be Major and Mrs. "Tibbs" Crawshay, who have bought Swallett's House, near Dauntsey. Major Crawshay, who was a Welch Fusilier, is a son of the late Mr. Codrington Crawshay, so well known in South Wales, and a former Master of the Monmouthshire, whilst his wife is a daughter of Sir William Nelson, and a sister, of course, of the present Duchess of Westminster. Most people are in their places, and empty houses are filling up fast. Soon there will be no vacant quarters anywhere, or any stone left unturned—literally—in the way of adapting a possible house to the needs of hunting people! The wedding of Miss Patience Fuller to Colonel Crichton-Maitland was, of course, an event of great local interest, for the bride—one of a trio of pretty sisters—is very popular here. Lady Read's dance helped to beguile agreeably the same week for those on the Avon Vale side of the country, where Captain Holland-Hibbert's Mastership is starting so well, although Lord Long's loss will be terribly felt there.

Middleton and Sinnington-Derwent Notes.

The dread scourge of foot-and-mouth—touch wood, and *unberufen*—keeps far from the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire; and up here we are all looking forward to a bumper season. "Peach" Borwick and Lord Grimthorpe continue as Joint-Masters of the Middleton, and Dick Thatcher again hunts hounds.

Besides this, Lord Grimthorpe hunts his private pack two days a week. Up on the Wolds, round about the famous Sledmere, one expects to see the word yearling written next. The Middleton have had a most successful cubbing season, killing a good number of cubs, and lately have had several good gallops, notably a nice fifteen minutes from the celebrated Farlington country over the York and Ainsty boundary; and another quick ten minutes in the same parts, over a nice open drain, where one of the field was kind enough to see if it had a sound bottom! Last week they had a good hunt from Buttercrambe to Housham Hall, killing their fox in front of the house. Tatton Willoughby is living there again, Captain and Mrs. Charlesworth having moved on to Whitwell Hall. She was Diana Beckett, and, till she married last year, had never hunted; but she is taking to it like a fish to water, and now that she has deserted the cross—for the side-saddle, will shortly take a deal of catching. Very few women are really at home riding astride. There are, of course, exceptions to this as to every rule—the first ones that come into the mind being Lexie Wilson, well known in the Midlands; Mrs. Gordon Foster, who has, I think, only favoured this fashion since the war; and Lady Manton (Alethea Langdale that was).

Taking on "Some" Work. Major Gordon Foster has taken on "some" work this season, as he hunts the combined Sinnington and Derwent countries himself four days a week, kennelling the combined packs in the Sinnington kennels at Kirbymoorside. The Derwent Vaie is as



THE MASTER OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT HARRIERS: MRS. HOBART.

Mrs. Hobart, the Master of the Isle of Wight Harriers, is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Hobart, D.S.O., and is the owner of the largest Shetland pony farm in the country.—[Photograph by S.P.]

the way. The gossips are still engaged upon their pet topic, but, no *dénouement* having "arrived," are still guessing.

Amateur Architects.

We are glad to see his Grace going strong, the Ford twins having now acquired balloons, but it is difficult going for cross-country work, and some narrow squeaks from a total loss have been rumoured, after daring excursions into boggy woodlands. The Duchess, Lady Diana, and Lady Worcester have been out regularly. Lady Blanche Douglas and her husband, who has quit soldiering, are at Luckington, which has suddenly become quite the rage, three old farmhouses, all in a row, having now been turned into hunting residences. Admiral and Mrs. Neeld are installed next door to the Douglasses, and Colonel Steuart and Lady Avice Menzies have the other. So they call it "Quality Street" now! Not far off, near the next village of Sherston, Captain and Mrs. Keith Menzies are converting another old house. And all these clever people are doing their own architecting, altering, and garden-planning, with most successful and charming results. Captain and Mrs. Shennan have practically finished their transformation of three semi-ruined cottages at Easton Grey, beside the river, into an abode of unique attractions. And Mrs. Cyril Ward,



CUBBING WITH THE SINNINGTON AND DERWENT AT ELLERBURN: MRS. GORDON FOSTER, THE WIFE OF THE MASTER.

Mrs. Gordon Foster is the wife of Major Gordon Foster, Master of the Sinnington and Derwent.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

good as the Sinnington, but there is also some very rough "high country." People living round and about Malton are favoured, as they can get the Middleton best days (Wednesdays and Saturdays), the famous Sinnington Thursdays, and now the Derwent Tuesdays—all within easy reach.



Amateurs v. Professionals at Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



An Opportunity. It is a nice question as to how the standard of amateur golf in Britain compares at the present time with that of professional golf. I am inclined to think that the two are nearer to a state of equality than they have been for a very long while; and that if some enterprising body were to arrange a match of, say, ten a side between representative teams of amateurs and professionals, the result would not be such a wholesale slaughter of the Simon Pures as might have been expected at almost any time during the past quarter of a century. The reason is partly that amateur golf in this country seems to be advancing in the matter of tactics. There is less of the death-or-glory hitting in which a new generation found relief with the resumption of the game in 1919. There is a greater appreciation and practice of that controlled endeavour of the kind which produced the Balls and Hiltons and Grahams and Maxwells.

Thirteen Years Ago. Professional form, on the other hand, has never been so confusing and uncertain as it is now. It is like the weather; all fits and starts and mostly dull. The old machine-like excellence of the leading professionals has disappeared. If teams were to meet in such a match as that suggested, very likely the professionals would win, but I do not think that the amateurs would be overwhelmed. There has been only one contest of this description. It took place at Sandwich in 1911, in celebration of Coronation year, and was decided by foursomes. There were nine couples a side, and the professionals triumphed by eight games to one. The only winners for the amateurs were Mr. H. W. Beveridge (whose practice nowadays at the Parliamentary Bar prevents much practice at golf), and Mr. Lionel Munn, that great Irish player who has virtually retired from the game, owing, I believe, to failing eyesight caused by war service. They beat Rowland Jones and the late Michael Moran at the thirty-eighth hole.

Heyday of Professional Form.

Most of the other professional couples won their matches easily. It has to be remembered, however, that those were the days when professional golf was at the very zenith of its power. Vardon, Braid, and Taylor were all playing brilliantly. Their like as a trio has been seen in no other era of golf, nor has any other game possessed as contemporaries three men of such outstanding ability as these. They were well utilised, too. One appeared with a dependable partner in each of the first three

games, which therefore were virtually foregone conclusions in favour of the professionals. Even so strong a pair as Alexander Herd (who can hold his own with the rising generation to this day, but who was certainly a better player thirteen years ago) and the late Tom Ball, then one of the first

with Sir Ernest Holderness as a Ball or a Hilton in the matter of sheer consistency and accuracy of hitting; Mr. Tolley as a Freddy Tait in his capacity to do the big thing when the odds look hopelessly against him; and Mr. Wethered as a Jack Graham in his innate brilliancy that may rise to super-brilliance or trail off into waywardness.



THE WINNING PAIR IN "EVE'S" LADIES' FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH: MISS P. COTGRAVE AND MISS DORIS HARTILL.

The result of the "Eve" Ladies' Foursomes at Ranelagh was that Miss P. Cotgrave (Stoke Poges) and Miss Doris Hartill (Copt Heath) beat Miss Bradley and Miss Greig (to whom they gave two strokes), by five and three in the final.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

half-dozen professionals in the land, occupied the modest position of fourth in the winners'

team. It is certain that the professionals could now put into the field no such side as this, and it would be a fine thing to give the amateurs a chance of gaining a little glory.

First Choices.

If the amateurs enjoyed the help of a good maker of contracts, he would bargain for foursomes over eighteen holes in the morning, and singles over eighteen holes in the afternoon—for the British amateur, unlike his American rival, appears to be much better in a match of this extent than in one of thirty-six holes. Indeed, under such conditions, I do not know that there would be any real certainty in any individual game. Who would be the players? So far as concerns the amateurs, Sir Ernest Hol-

derness, Mr. Cyril Tolley, and Mr. Roger Wethered stand self-selected. They are very nearly, if not quite, up to the best standard of a previous great generation of amateurs,

Two Types. Major C. O. Hezlet could not be omitted. He appears to have come back from America a better player than ever. His golf is forceful rather than artistic, but he is the kind of man who might beat anybody on occasion by unsophisticated power and personality. Then there is his British team *confrère* and contrast, Mr. W. A. Murray, who is all for sureness even at the expense of length, and who would be just the type of player to put against one of the young professionals of the slashing and dashing school. Of the other men who appeared against the United States this year, the Hon. Michael Scott and Mr. E. F. Storey have earned the right to places in a representative side of British amateurs. There are experts who say that Mr. Storey is first-class at only one shot—a full bang. However that may be, we cannot get away from the fact that he reached the semi-final of the amateur championship, and in America very nearly beat Mr. Francis Ouimet.

Mr. H. D. Gillies.

We now have seven members of our amateur team, and we might very reasonably complete the ten by selecting Mr. H. D. Gillies, Mr. John Wilson, and Mr. Robert Harris. I am afraid that Mr. Gillies prejudiced his chance of being included in the English side and the team for America by persisting in the use of his nine-inch tee until the Rules Committee issued a proclamation implying condemnation of it. He regarded it as a bit of fun, but they took a different view of it. He is certainly in the front rank of British amateurs; he was unlucky not to win the St. George's Vase this season, and his recent score of 72 at Prince's, Sandwich, in the Medical Golfing Society's tournament was one of the great rounds of the year.

A Problem for Selectors.

The professionals would have no hesitation in choosing George Duncan, Abe Mitchell, Edward Ray, Ernest Whitcombe, and Charles Whitcombe; but after that they would have to do a good deal of thinking. Possibly they would plump for Len Holland among the men who are very near to being top-notchers, and come to the conclusion that they could not omit Vardon, Taylor, Braid, and Herd, in spite of the burden of years that these four have to carry. In a needle match, they are still as good as most of their younger rivals.



MISS D. R. FOWLER, WINNER OF THE MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON, WITH MR. E. NOEL LAYTON.

Miss D. R. Fowler, who was runner-up in the English Ladies' Close Championship, won the Mixed Foursomes at Worpleston, with Mr. E. Noel Layton.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



MR. E. NOEL LAYTON, WINNER OF THE MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON, WITH MISS D. R. FOWLER.

Mr. E. Noel Layton partnered Miss D. R. Fowler in the Mixed Foursomes at Worpleston, and defeated Miss Winn and Mr. F. Mead in the final.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



The Entrance Hall, Belvoir Castle.



An old Sevres turquoise blue Ewer and Basin.

“Four-and-Twenty Fiddlers”

ON this crowning point of the Leicester Hills, where the Conqueror's standard-bearer, Robert de Todenci, first built his stronghold, many castles have been raised and destroyed. The present Belvoir Castle, despite its castellated walls and rounded turrets, can boast no great antiquity, though it stands on the old foundations and incorporates some few portions of ancient origin. Happily, however, much valuable material has been preserved from the wreckage of the earlier structures. Here can be seen many works by famous old masters, objects of art innumerable, and historic relics of absorbing interest.

Among the most cherished possessions of Belvoir Castle is a great silver punch-bowl, of which it is related that at the marriage festivities of Lord Roos and the daughter of William Lord Russell in 1603 the bride and the groom were met at the gate by “four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row, four-and-twenty trumpeters with their tantara, ra, ras, four-and-twenty ladies and as many parsons.” In order they proceeded to the great dining-room to wish joy to the happy pair in tankards brimful of sack posset, “but after an hour's hot service the posset in the great cistern did not sink above one inch.”

Sack posset is no longer in favour, but John Haig Scotch Whisky, distilled first in 1627, has ever retained and increased its popularity, for which its consistent maturity and perfect quality are chiefly responsible.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

Everything is Fur
or
Feather Trimmed.



Dance and dinner frocks are delightfully simple this season, and here are two pleasantly inexpensive models from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly, W. The fashionable tunic frock on the left—in cinnamon chiffon velvet, bordered with gold lace and fur—will change ownership for 7½ gns.; and 7 gns. secures the diaphanous affair above of rose georgette and clipped ostrich plumes, encircled with a girdle of diamanté.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ETWIN NEAMER.



Wind and rain have devastating effects on the neatest shingled hair, but

Some Frivolous Uses of Sober Wool.

A few weeks ago a learned professor predicted that our climate would get steadily colder, and that the depressing summer we experienced this year was but a herald of worse things to come. It would seem an unduly pessimistic remark, I think; but in any case, the creators of our fashions are leaving nothing to chance. They are even introducing wool on our newest evening frocks this season! From the shoulder of one straight affair in tuchsia romaine, which was much admired at a recent dress show, floated an airy scarf which proved to be fashioned of the finest Shetland wool lace imaginable, tinted to the same shade as the frock, and embroidered with many-coloured silks, while the long Russian tunic was bordered with massed flowers in wool and silk frosted with diamanté. From knitting to darning is a swift transition, and I was hardly surprised to discover another dance frock, this time in filmy amber georgette, literally darned here and there with silk and chenille in exquisite colourings. Cross-stitch, too, beloved of our grandmothers, is emerging from the shades in which it has slept undisturbed for many years. Frocks for afternoon and evening are lightly decorated with quaint old-fashioned designs in soft tints, and wrap coats are boldly bordered with it in striking patterns and colourings. Flowers carried out in this stitch are always effective; and one frock of black chiffon velvet, as straight and tight as a well-fitting glove, had a spray of them on the left side reaching from shoulder to hem. The spray was carried out in white wool, the petals and slender leaves being outlined with sparkling diamanté and crystals.

Hats and Gloves of Leopardskin.

Not content with wool, many of the most fashionable toilettes suggest the warmth of tropical countries, with their trimmings of leopardskin. Tailored coat-frocks of black repp look amazingly well with cuffs, collar, and many buttons of this fur, while panels of it are introduced in many amusing ways. Whole frocks and coats are made in leopardskin velvet, which reproduces exactly the bold black-and-gold markings, while well-known sports outfitters are painting little leather hats with the same design. They are ideal for sport and country wear, and gauntlet gloves of leopardskin add a final touch of distinction to the simplest outfit.

Shingled Hair Versus Damp Weather.

By now, even the most prejudiced critic admits the fascination of the boyish shingled head, perfectly waved, with not a hair out of place. But, alas! a damp or windy day wreaks havoc in the best-regulated coiffures; and nothing is so disillusioning as to see stray wisps of hair escaping from under a hat which would otherwise be irresistible. To avoid this

WOMAN'S WAYS. MABEL HOWARD.

By MABEL HOWARD.



The worst weather cannot harm these becoming "True-to-Nature" bobbed side wavelets, worn under the hat.

They are created by James Stewart, of 80, New Bond Street, W.

contretemps, which occurs only too frequently in our fickle climate, James Stewart, the well-known coiffeur who has salons at 80, New Bond Street, and 225, Regent Street, W., has created the "True-to-Nature" bobbed side wavelets. They are attached invisibly over the ear, beneath one's own locks, and form a soft frame to the face. Under a hat they are exceedingly becoming, as can be seen by the illustration on this page. They can be obtained from 2 guineas upwards, and Mr. Stewart showed me also long double wavelets (ranging from 3 guineas), which are worn at the back of the head. They are perfectly flat, and retain the much-desired boyish outline while hiding unruly

jumpers. There is an infinite variety of golf stockings and children's socks in every hue and design, which will yield splendid service. Cosy underclothing for every age can be obtained at all prices. As for Shetland shawls, they can be secured from 7s. 6d. upwards, and the famous lace variety range from 19s. 6d. to £6 6s. They are very welcome gifts at this time of the year.

The Magic Art of Dyeing.

It is quite a simple matter in these days to obtain a complete new winter wardrobe at comparatively negligible expense. One has only to remember the miracles performed by Stevenson Bros., the famous Dundee dyers and cleaners, who transform the most faded frocks and coats into fashionable affairs which are quite unrecognisable as "last year" toilettes by one's friends! The newest shades can be obtained at the cost of a very few shillings, and I advise every reader to apply to Dundee for full particulars, including the address of the nearest agent. [Continued overleaf.]



Two cosy jumpers of real Shetland wool with gay Fair Isle borders. They hail from the National Linen Company, 130, New Bond Street, W.

locks. This firm's new steam process of permanent waving is excellent, and achieves perfect results. Mr. Stewart will gladly give full details and advice to any reader of this paper. Free consultations, too, on all matters appertaining to the scalp and hair will be gladly given.

Real Shetland Woollies.

Nowadays children revel in the same clothes as their elders, the only difference being in size; and everyone in search of cosy Shetland woollies for the family should visit the National Linen Company, 130, New Bond Street, W., who are responsible for the two practical jumpers pictured above. They are in the natural Shetland wool with gay Fair Isle borders, and range from 16s. 9d. for children, and from 35s. 6d. in full sizes. Plain Shetland cardigans are 29s. 6d. and 42s. 6d., matching the



Olive Hewerdine

A box from Stevenson Bros., Dundee, the famous dyers and cleaners, heralds the arrival of last year's frock magically transformed into a fashionable affair in lovely colourings.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Wraps that are Perfectly Tailored.

It is hardly necessary to dilate upon the perfect tailoring of Thomas, 6, Brook Street, W., for I know his reputation to be far-famed. Consequently, the two graceful coats pictured here need no further introduction, for they were sketched in his salons. The one on the left is a useful wrap of real Scotch tweed in a new striped weave of shaded partridge brown. It costs 11 guineas; and there is a wide choice of motoring and country coats of a similar genre ranging from 10 guineas. The second coat pictured is of grey cashmere trimmed with phami fur. The many buttons and buttonholes add a *chic* finishing touch. By the way, winter coats and skirts are made to measure from 13 guineas, with specially fitting yokes, etc., and riding habits also, bearing the inimitable cut which only perfect tailoring can give.



Two perfectly tailored coats for town and country from Thomas, 6, Brook Street, W. Scotch tweed in shaded partridge colourings expresses the one on the left, and grey cashmere trimmed with phami fur, that on the right.

A Book of Lovely Furs.

One can hardly call the brochure of furs recently issued by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., a really beautiful illustrations on thick art paper. In spite of this, however, it will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper—an opportunity which should not be neglected. Amongst the more valuable furs is a wonderful coat of Persian lamb deeply bordered with skunk, and another of black-and-gold leopard-skin collared with fitch. Then a long mole-skin coat with a large hood collar is priced at 33 guineas, and one of natural musquash at 28 guineas. Large double fur ties of blue wolf can be secured for 6 guineas, and fashionable black bear ties range from 8gs. 6d. Another item which must not be overlooked

is the fascinating cravat of natural skunk, available for 7gs. 6d. Briefly, every woman will find the fur she desires amongst its pages, at prices fitting every pocket.

The New "Polo" Sweater.

I confess to having fallen an instant victim to the new "Polo" sweater which is sketched on this page. It has been created by Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh. Made in real Scotch knit wool, it boasts the new high, turn-over collar, which is ideal for all sports at this time of year. Furthermore, it costs only 1 guinea, and will be gladly sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. I advise every reader to lose no time before applying for the new book of Scotch knitted wear issued by this firm. It will be sent gratis and post free. There are several pages reproducing in colour the knitted frocks and suits for which Greensmith Downes are famous. The Torholm two-piece suit with a plain skirt and checked coat can be secured in several colour-schemes for 5gs. 11d.; and 3gs. 6d. is the price of a useful woollen frock trimmed with artificial silk. Then captivating little fur felt hats, as light as air and adjustable to any shape, can be obtained for a guinea in many colours.

Inexpensive Evening Frocks.

Now a days dancing enthusiasts need a goodly number of pretty evening frocks, and are always glad to know where these may be obtained at pleasantly moderate prices. Well, the two sketched on this page are quite inexpensive, the one on the left being 7 guineas, and the other 6½ guineas. They were sketched at Staggs and Mantle's, Leicester Square, W. Fuchsia marocain, gracefully draped and completed with shaded flowers and a long silken fringe, expresses the first, and Madonna-blue georgette and silver lace the second. Then a straight frock in black marocain caught at the hips with sprays of roses, the flaring side panels bordered with ostrich feathers, can be obtained for 5½ guineas; and another in silk georgette on crêpe-de-Chine, edged with marabout, is only 5 guineas in many lovely shades. Dinner frocks with tiny sleeves cut on graceful lines to suit the well-developed woman can be secured for 4½ guineas in marocain and georgette.

A Brochure of Winter Fashions.

With a view to replenishing winter wardrobes inexpensively, every reader should write to Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., for their new illustrated brochure, which contains many delightful possibilities.

For country wear there are long, well-cut checked coats in woollen materials, completed with gay scarf collars, for 40s., and well-cut skirts in hopsack for 8s. 11d. For town, graceful winter coats in wool velour trimmed with fur range from 70s., and fur-trimmed coats and skirts from 80s. Simple tailored frocks to wear underneath are indispensable, and attractive affairs in wool repp trimmed with amusing lines of buttons can be secured for 60s., or for 25s. in artificial silk jersey, panelled with braid.



The new "Polo" sweater sponsored by Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh. It is fashioned in pure Scotch knit wool.

to be reaped. post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Novelty of the Week.

Lovely evening wraps in opalescent colourings can be obtained for 4½ guineas, fashioned in shimmering "Sungbeam" satin. I shall be pleased to state where they may be obtained to every reader who applies to this paper.



Two fascinating frocks for festive evenings, which were sketched at Staggs and Mantle, Leicester Square, W. The one on the left is a study in shaded fuchsia colourings, and the second is in vivid Madonna-blue georgette and silver lace.

Matron's Two - Piece Costume

(Costume Department).

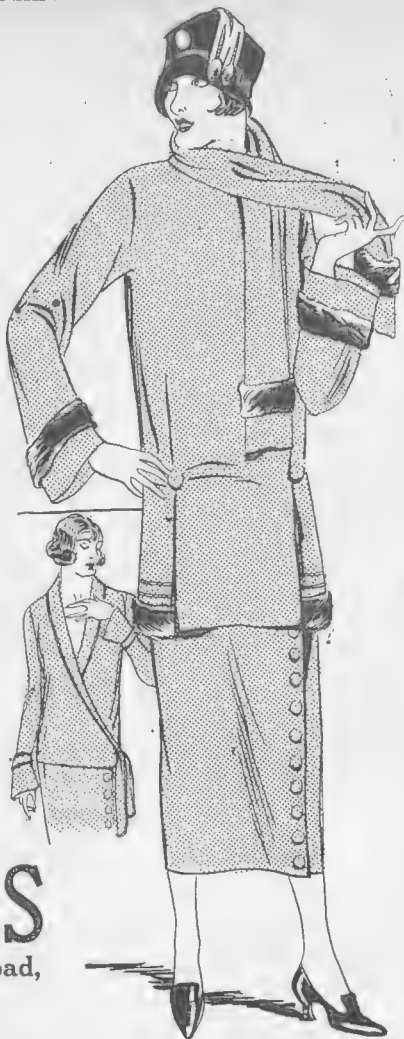
C. "MARGARET."—Smart 2-PIECE COSTUME for Matron's wear designed in a fine Drap Velours. The House Frock is made with becoming Crossover Corset and pleat to skirt. The addition of a Fur-trimmed Coat *en suite* makes it a practical garment for street wear. In Navy or Black, W. and O.S., also Nigger, Tan, Green, etc., W. size. Gown and Coat complete **7½ Gns.**

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**'IT HAS DONE MY HAIR
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OF THE NESTLÉ WAVE

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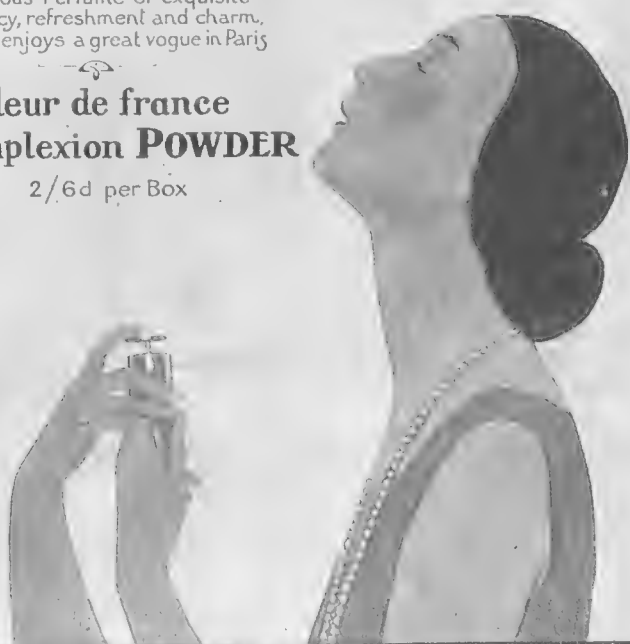
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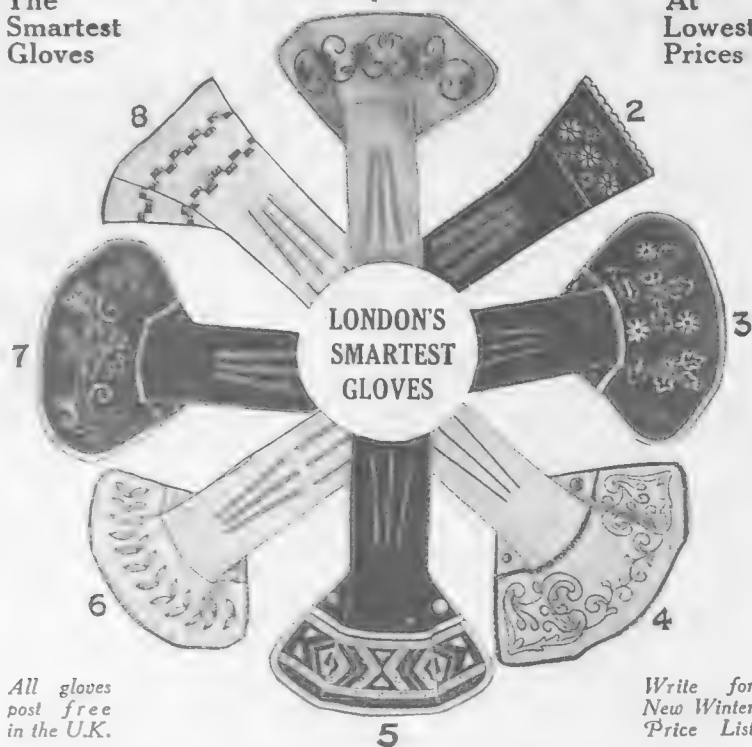
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Dainty Bracelet of seed pearls connected by fine platinum chains.
Length 6½ inches. 8/6 (FJ. 534)



Fine Paste
Shoe Slides.
Complete in
case.
Per pair 4/-
(FJ. 530)

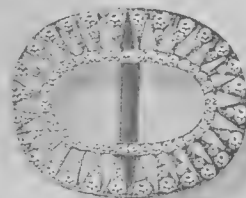
Fancy Necklet, Length 18½
ins. In Jade, Scarlet, Lapis,
Pink, Amber and Cornelian.
8/6
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Crystal and Jet
Earrings. 9-ct.
wires and screws.
Per pair 7/6
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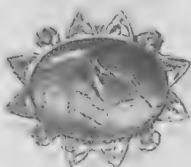


Dainty Pearl
Earrings. Drop
2½ ins., wire or
screw fitting.
Per pair 14/6
(FJ. 535)



Paste Shoe
Slides. 2½ x 1½
ins. Pair 21 -
(FJ. 531)

Necklace (new design).
Grey and White. Medium
sized pearls, to fit throat,
suspended boroque pearl.
14/6 (FJ. 559)



Butterfly Wing Brooch
Mounted on old silver,
1½ ins. across. 12/6
(FJ. 514)

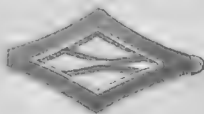
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Heavily studded
fine paste.
Each 15/6
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Vanity Case, with powder
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In Red, Yellow, Black,
Blue, Jade. 6/6 (FJ. 501)

Fine Jet Hair
Prong. 7/6
(FJ. 522)



Butterfly Wing
Pendant. 1½ ins.
10/6
(FJ. 513)



Hair Slide. Enamelled
on silver. In Pink,
Light and Dark Blue
and Yellow. 4/6
(FJ. 519)



Jet Hair Comb. Finely
designed. 10/6
(FJ. 524)



Enamel and Plati-
num Cuff Links.
Per pair 7/6
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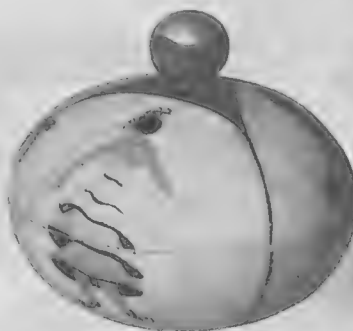


Bracelet to match
Pearl Necklace
above. Length 8 ins.
7/6
(FJ. 508)



Galileth Lip
Stick Tube.
Dainty novelty.
4/6
(FJ. 557)

Novel Trinket
or Powder Box,
Pierrette.
Height 6½ ins. 6/-
(FJ. 543)



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Trinket or Powder
Box. Harlequin.
Height 6½ ins. 7/6
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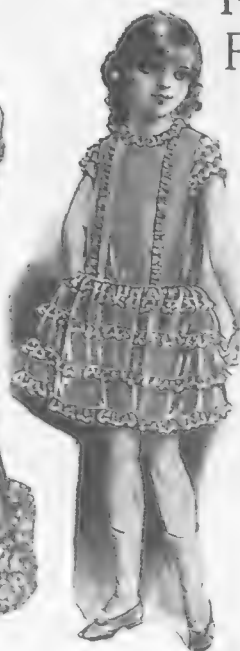
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Charming picturesque Hat in rich quality black silk velvet, becomingly trimmed with wide corded ribbon
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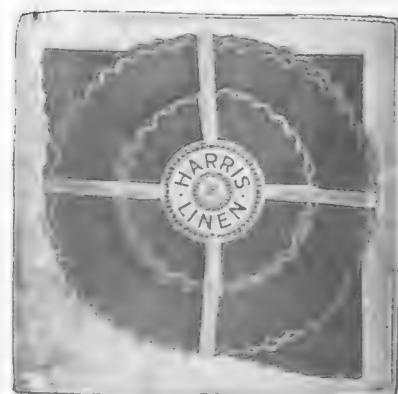
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BE the room what it may—a setting where quaint old prints bring out the sombre softness of antique oak, a beautiful harmony of mellow mahogany and rich carpets, a scheme of toned gilt of the French periods, or just a portion of an utility 1924 home—it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Old World Candles. They set the seal of charm; they are the mark of personal artistry; they complete a picture of perfect taste, as can only these candles, made by a firm whose craftsmanship is a three-century tradition.

Once "Nell Gwynn" Candles are taken into the decorative scheme, you will not care to lose the finishing touch they impart. Their beauty is not ephemeral. If necessary, in order to renew the lustre, they may be gently rubbed with a soft, damp cloth. The inconvenience of shades is obviated. They burn with a steady light—without smoke—without odour. In all respects has modern science improved the art of the 17th century craftsman.

There is a list of colours below. Some will harmonise with every scheme of furnishing; all fill a definite need. "Nell Gwynn" Candles can be obtained from high-class stores.

A FREE BOOKLET, "Lights of other days," giving the story of "Nell Gwynn" Candles, will be sent on request.

21 ART COLOURS

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Light Pearl Grey | 11. Sulphur Yellow |
| 2. Dark Pearl Grey | 12. Maize Yellow |
| 3. Electric Blue | 13. Old Gold |
| 4. Sky Blue | 14. Blush Pink |
| 5. Light Blue | 15. Pink |
| 6. Dark Blue | 16. Old Rose |
| 7. Jade Green | 17. Rose |
| 8. Peacock Green | 18. Red |
| 9. Apple Green | 19. Dragon's Blood |
| 10. Sulphur Green | 20. Assyrian Red |
| 21. Royal Purple | |

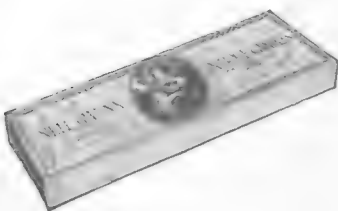
"Nell Gwynn" Candles are packed and priced as follows:
 Long (12 ins.) Medium (10 ins.) Short (8 ins.)
 4 in box 4 in box 4 in box
 2/9 per box 2/3 per box 1/9 per box
 2 in box 2 in box 2 in box
 1/6 per box 1/3 per box 1/- per box

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are a new product. Most high-class stores have them, but if you experience difficulty, send your remittance covering your requirements and stating sizes, colours and packings you desire, direct to the makers at the address below. The goods will be forwarded post free.

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 Antique
CANDLES

J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD., Soap & Candle Manufacturers,
 (Dept. 24) LONDON, S.E. 1

Estd. 1642 in the reign of Charles I.



NOVEMBER 3RD 8TH

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76.5 W. Attractive Hat & Scarf Set of soft Camel check Tweed, edge of brim bound ribbon finished Sports mount. A few of the shadings are: Saxe or Fawn with Beaver, Russet with Brown, Black, White & Grey Mixture. Covert with Brown & others.

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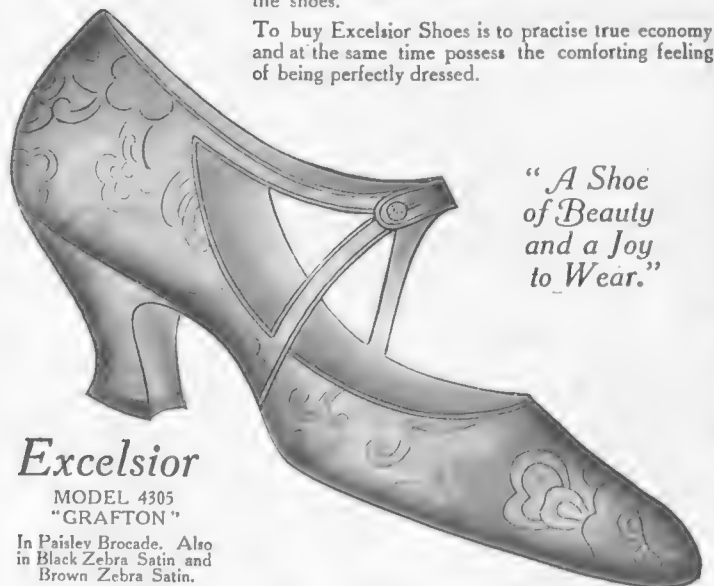


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Beneath the perfect style and refined finish of Excelsior Shoes there is concealed a wealth of detail that makers of lesser priced shoes could not possibly afford.

These costly little details make Excelsior Shoes "A Joy to Wear." They also ensure lasting shapeliness and add months to the useful life of the shoes.

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MODEL 4305
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In Paisley Brocade, Also in Black Zebra Satin and Brown Zebra Satin.

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Does your Hair fall out in autumn?

Just as the leaves fall, so do some people find their hair fall out at this time of year. It is a sign of malnutrition, because the blood is not supplying the hair roots with those elements upon which the hair feeds, for, as Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., explains . . . "Like all other tissues of the body the hair derives its nourishment from the blood." If your hair is falling out, just try the effect of one full bottle of Humagsolan. Humagsolan is a wonderful new food which actually restores to the blood those very elements upon which the hair feeds. Thus they are carried straight to the very hair roots, deep down in the scalp.

Already over a thousand doctors

have endorsed Humagsolan as the one scientific treatment for Hair Troubles. They have proved that if your hair is falling out, Humagsolan will stop it almost at once; if it is dull and lifeless, Humagsolan will make it healthy by growing a luxuriant mass of brilliant, colourful hair. Even if your hair seems perfect they have proved that it is worth while to take a bottle now and in the spring to preserve its beauty.

Just try a bottle of Humagsolan to-day. It is positively guaranteed not to grow hair elsewhere, because the hair of the head is different in structure and is nourished differently. Humagsolan is absolutely safe to take. It contains no drugs or ingredients that could affect the digestion, while its effect on the blood and the system generally is decidedly beneficial. Ask any good chemist for a bottle to-day. Ask him also for a free copy of the 32-page illustrated Humagsolan Book on The Care of the Hair. It contains much valuable practical information.

*Do not delay.
Ask your chemist
to-day for a
bottle of*

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1,000 Doctors have proved that it does grow hair

3/9, 6/9 & 12/6 per bottle

At all good chemists, stores, and high-class hairdressers, including Arding and Hobbs, Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Boots, D. H. Evans, Gamages, Harrods, Haymarket Stores, Lewis and Burrows, Parkes, Selfridges, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Whiteleys, etc.

If your chemist should be out of stock send direct to Humagsolan, Ltd., 10T, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2

Brewer's

WATCH THIS COLUMN



HERBERT RAWLINSON

An English Actor who is now a Universal Star.

In all his brilliant career Lon Chaney has never had such an opportunity for sensational and versatile acting as in the character of the hunchback in Universal's great picture production of Victor Hugo's classic, "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME." That the production is one of the most notable in screen history is confirmed by the wonderfully enthusiastic reception accorded to it in every part of the country. Especially I am pleased to hear that it has lured in so many thousands of the non-picture-going class, who are learning for the first time the immense potentialities of Screen art.

Again I must refer to "THE SIGNAL TOWER," which has caused so much admiration that I am proud Universal made it. I sat through it for the fourth time recently, and it struck me that it is a vast asset to secure real artists for any picture. Virginia Valli, Rockcliffe Fellowes, and Wallace Beery work together like the wheels of a watch.

If you have been impressed with Virginia Valli's work, I suggest you see her also in the screen version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A LADY OF QUALITY"—a performance that is a combination of virility and subtle grace, in a setting of old-world charm, and makes a memorable entertainment.

"WINE" is one of the best pictures Universal have ever produced, and I am more than pleased to recommend it to the entire family, not only for the startling entertainment it gives, but because of the enlightenment it affords into the methods employed in a Prohibition country.

The story is that of a beautiful débutante whose father fails, goes over to illicit liquor smuggling, and involves the family in threatened disaster. Clara Bow, an unusually attractive young woman, plays the débutante with fine effect, and is supported by Forrest Stanley, Robert Agnew, Myrtle Stedman, and Huntly Gordon.

Laura La Plante, who stepped into the limelight devoted to screen stars in that very modern story, "EXCITEMENT," will be seen in a new vehicle which will present another phase of her extremely varied talents, "YOUNG IDEAS." It is the story of a young girl who "got on," but was saddled with the incubus of sponging relatives.

Herbert Rawlinson, who comes from Brighton, is always a great favourite. His impersonation of a cheery Irish policeman in "JACK O' CLUBS" has endeared him to all picturegoers. In "THE DANCING CHEAT" you will find him in the rôle of an ideal hero with the saving grace of an irresistible humour.

Carl Laemmle
President

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GLASS DRINKING CUP

THE "Elfin" Flask fulfils a long-felt want for providing an all-glass drinking vessel. It eliminates all danger of any unpleasant metallic taste as the liquid comes into contact with GLASS only.

Made of "Diamond hard glass" the "Elfin" Flask is far more durable than the ordinary thin-glass metal-protected flask.

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The ALL GLASS
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MODEL TAILORING DEPARTMENT

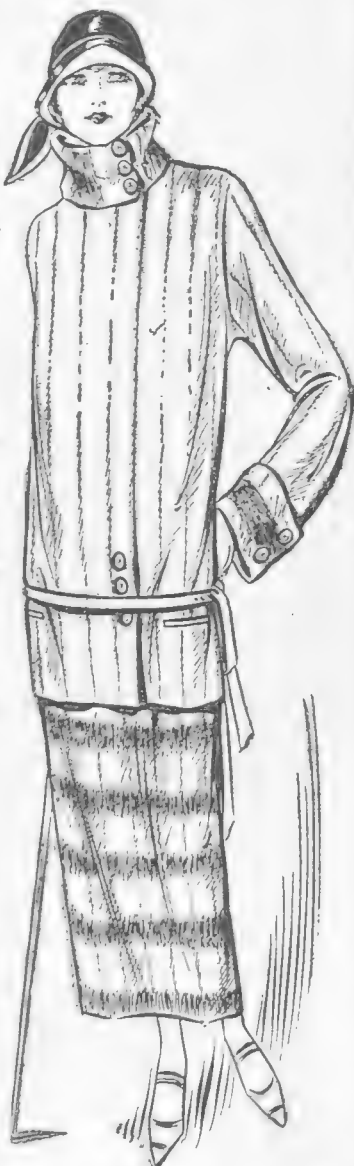
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from **8½ Gns.**

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New Bond
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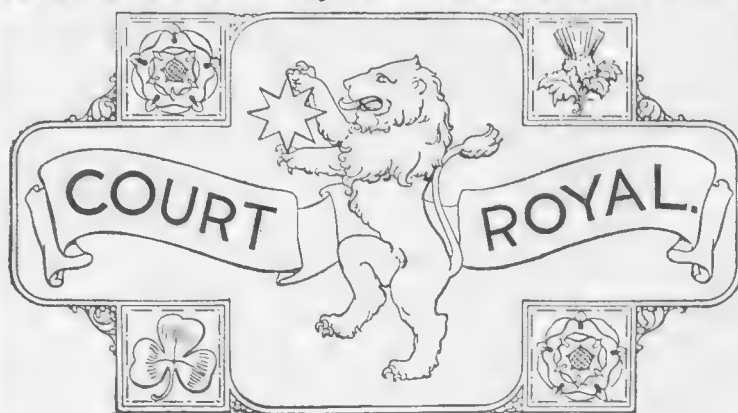
This very **Delightful FROCK** of silk and wool Bouclette has its charm further enhanced by touches of contrasting colours on collar, sleeves and pockets, and is ornamented by a row of buttons on the front and finished with Tie Belt in the following colours:—Grey, Fawn, Rust, Nut Brown.
Price **5½ Gns**

A **Chic SUIT** carried out in the Brushed Wool that is suitable for wear in this, the chillier weather. The Coat has two pockets and narrow Tying Belt; collar and cuffs have a contrasting stripe that is also a feature of the skirt. In the following colour combinations:—Havana/Brown, Rust/Beige, Black/Grey, Terra/Fawn, Flame/Havana.
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Every **"Court Royal"** Corset, whether in the Elastic Panelled **"CLING-AROUND"** or **BACK-LACING** **MODELS**, is fashioned with a degree of **ACCURACY** combined with perfect **ANATOMICAL ALLOWANCE** that realises **COMFORT, EASE** and **STYLISH** **FIGURE** attainment.

MODEL 2371

A high-grade silk figured Broché, full figure back-lacing model; silk elastic gusseted inserts at bust. A very desirable model for reducing pronounced hips.
Price **37/6**

MODEL 2389

A superb design for slight and medium figures. A high-grade silk Broché and silk elastic panelled "Cling-around," lightly boned and gusseted at back with elastic to ensure slender figure appearance; plush lined 7½-inch wedge busk.
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Only **HIGH PERCENTAGE** Elastics and Coutils, Broches, and Components of **PROVED** quality are used—**BONINGS** of finest quality Rubber-Covered Steel, **RUSTPROOF, UNBREAKABLE**, with infinite **RESILIENCY, SUPPORT**, and extreme **LIGHTNESS**. On comparison with other much advertised Models **"Court Royal"** instantly reveal a **SUPERIORITY** entitling them to be appreciated as

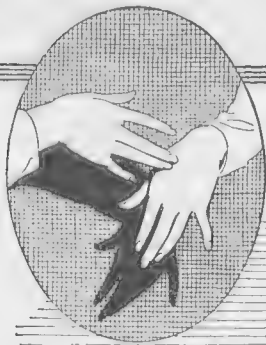
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"COURT-ROYAL" Corsets are stocked by leading **HIGH-GRADE LADIES' OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENTS**. Should you experience difficulty, communicate with **"COURT-ROYAL,"** 1 & 2, London Wall Avenue, London, E.C.2, for name of nearest agent.

MODEL 2610

A superb quality Coutil and high percentage super surgical elastic panelled "Cling-around," with segmented steelastic inserts controlling pronounced hips, and waist steelastic inserts ensuring maximum freedom and comfort. A very light and originally designed medium and full figure model.
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Lux for everything you wash yourself

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique: make sure you get Lux.

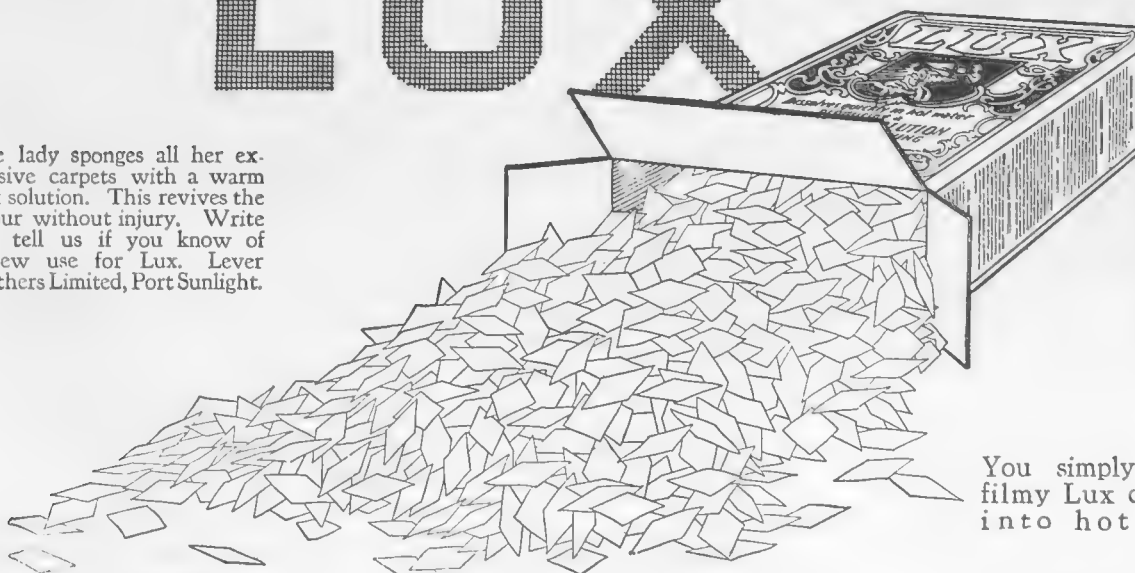
Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam

of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

Take jumpers, for instance, no matter if they are made of silk or wool, Lux will enable you to wash them easily. Just dip them again and again in the soft lather and watch them re-appear in all their original beauty.

LUX

One lady sponges all her expensive carpets with a warm Lux solution. This revives the colour without injury. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.



LX. 321-100



1 Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather



2. Add cold water to give required temperature.



3. Dip and re-dip in this pure rich lather



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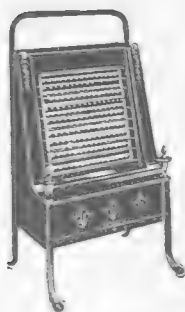
You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.

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No. 4.



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PRICE : £5 : 12 : 6

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Your nearest electrician, or your local Electric Supply Company, will tell you of the special cheap rates for heating and cooking current in your district. *Electric heating is cheap.*

Our booklet on "Electricity in the Home" is full of interest, and will repay careful study. We shall be glad to send you a free copy on receipt of a postcard.

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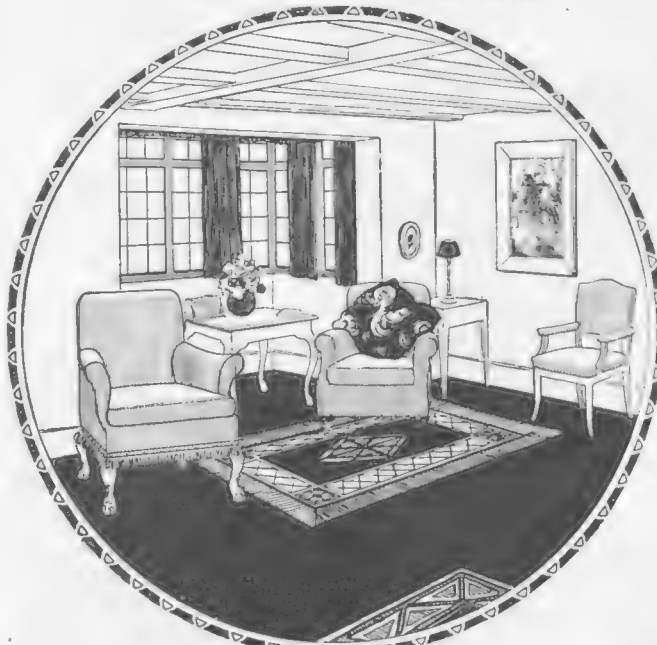
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16 inches long, with 18 Carat
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HAVE YOU ever spent a night with those bed-clothes which won't let you have it both ways. If you have them up to your chin your feet are in the Arctic zone. You get your feet right, but now your chin has gone wrong. Very often, shoes are like that. In order to get enough breadth for your foot you have to take too much length, and be thankful. It is this trouble of mortal man and woman that the Lotus and Delta shoes have cured. They are made in almost endless variations—lengthwise, breadthwise and depthwise.

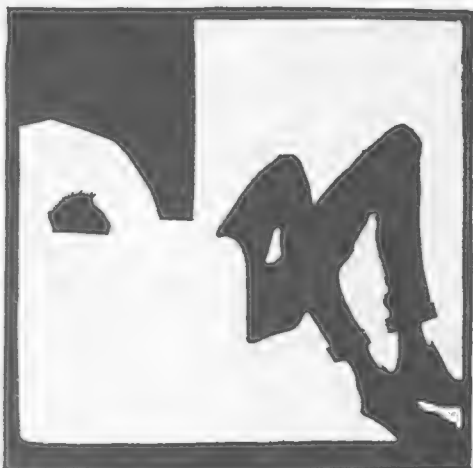
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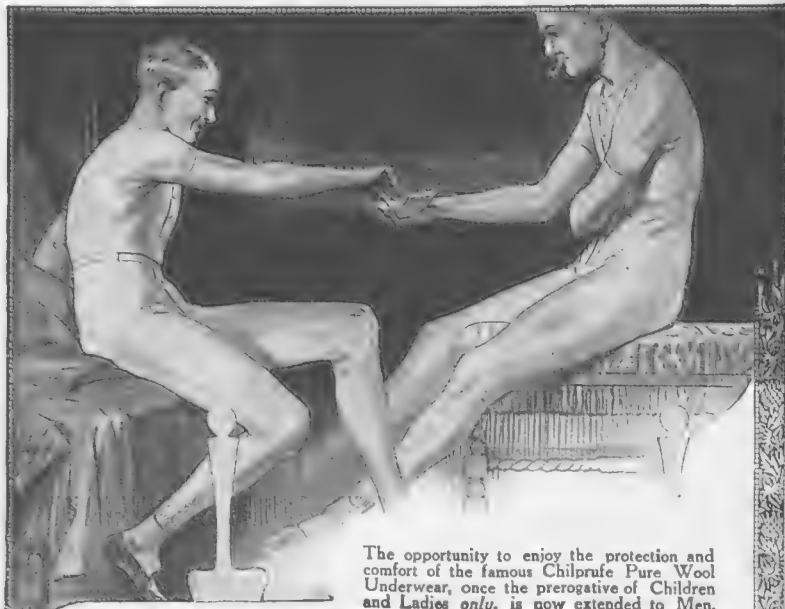
IT HAS to be admitted with the deepest regret that the strenuous life is not promoted by the Buoyant Chair. It is a foe to study and the application of the mind. It isn't friendly even to intelligent conversation. It encourages grunts of satisfaction and agreement, though it never grunts itself.

THE Buoyant Chair is the product of an intense specialisation on comfort. It is a chair in which a man can unbend to the utmost limits of body and mind. It is intended quite frankly to pamper and indulge a man's muscles, a man's nerves and—through his muscles and nerves—his temper and his mind. It is, in fact, a strong servant of the modern art of letting the world rip and resting while it rips.

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BEXHILL-ON-SEA is exceptionally favoured with sunshine and bracing air, and is one of the most inviting of winter resorts, having numerous shelters and a cosy Colonnade for orchestra performances. Dances, hotel parties, variety and cinema entertainments are included in the winter programme, with tennis (hard courts), hunting, fishing and golf (two courses). The golf clubhouse at Cooden Beach is a splendid modern dormy house of great convenience for week-end visitors.

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For Guide Books to individual towns mentioned, apply Town Clerks (enclose stamp). For train times, etc., apply Stations or Offices of Southern or L.M. & S. Rylys.



The "Sunny South Special" L.M. & S. Through Train runs every weekday from Liverpool, Manchester Birmingham, etc., to the South Coast.

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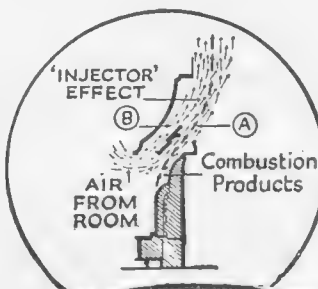


A Study by GORDON NICOLL

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YOU need pleasant, healthful warmth in your office. You need to avoid overheating and draughts. In short, you need a Radiation Gas Grate. This heats and ventilates at the same time, because it is fitted with the patent "Injector-Ventilator," which renews the air in the room several times an hour. Only Radiation Gas Grates have this ingenious invention for ensuring perfect ventilation.

The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet



promotes by Injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room, the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.

However tastefully your room may be furnished and decorated, there is a Radiation Gas Grate that will suit it admirably. A variety of designs can be seen at your Gas Show-rooms. Also at Ironmongers', Stores, or at any of the show-rooms of the Radiation firms named below.

Radiation

'INJECTOR VENTILATOR' GAS GRATES

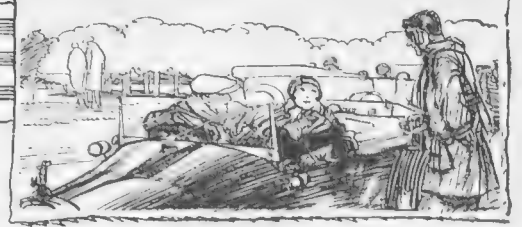
SEND FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

When you buy a Gas Grate, look for the name of one of the following six firms which constitute RADIATION LTD., the largest manufacturers of Gas Appliances in the World.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Registered Petrol-Pumps.

Whatever the result of the present election may be, it is to be hoped that a sufficient number of motor-using individuals will be elected to Parliament, in order that the promised Petrol-Pump Bill will be presented for consideration during the autumn session. As may be remembered, the purpose of this Bill is to bring petrol-pumps within the scope of the Weights and Measures Act of 1878. Convenient as petrol-pumps are, motorists are apt to doubt whether they get the right measure when they are served from these roadside or garage machines. At

brand of spirit one demands; but unless each of these pumps is stamped by the Weights and Measures Department, there is no proof of its accuracy. There is no doubt that motoring is more popular than hitherto, and it will become even more so if the price of fuel falls. Therefore, let us save the can expenses if possible.

Increase in Cars.

A twelvemonth ago—to be precise, on Aug. 31, 1923—there were 383,525 cars taxed on a horse-power basis in Great Britain. On the same date this year, 1924, this number

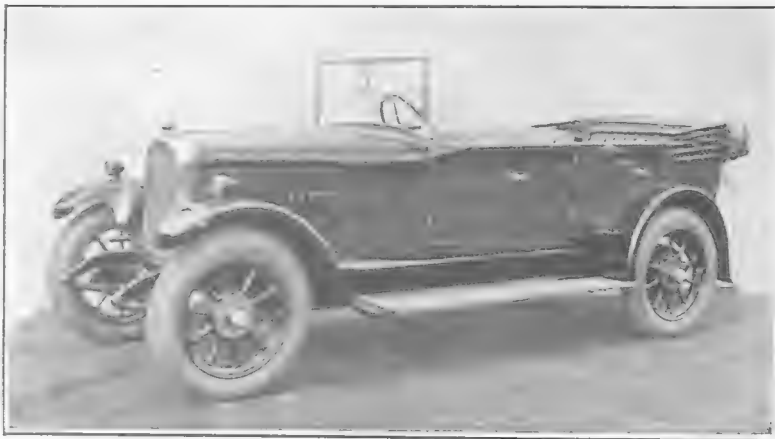
had increased to no fewer than 473,528—an absolute increase of 90,003 cars in twelve months. The Ministry of Transport is to be congratulated on issuing its quarterly report in regard to the vehicles registered in this country and the amount they pay in motor taxation. Aug. 31 is always the high-water mark of the use of motor-vehicles in England, Scotland, and Wales, because quite a number of people are apt to keep their cars in their

garages during the winter season. At any rate, winter reduces the number of charabancs on the road (they hate the cold weather, as their chance of custom and bean-feast parties is small), so that one may take August figures as representing the zenith of motoring in this island. The amount paid by motorists generally from Dec. 1, 1923, to Aug. 31, 1924, which is nine months, was £13,903,375, and, at the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' dinner, Sir Henry P. Maybury frankly admitted that fifteen and a half million pounds per annum was the amount paid by motor-users. There is one item in the recent return and analysis of motor-tax receipts, in the report referred to, that should please the manufacturers of small cars. In the first place, the average receipt in respect of a whole year's license is now down to £16 per car, taxed on a horse-power basis; also, whereas in August 1923 there were 47,613 more motor-cycles than there were cars, this August the difference between the totals is only 22,051. Not that the motor-cycles have not increased, as they now number 495,579, but this is the first year that the totals have been so close. Evidently, the cheap four-wheelers are superseding the motor-cycles and side-car combinations. Still,

the latter seem to have withstood considerable competition, as they have increased in the past twelve months to the extent of over sixty-five thousand, as compared with the ninety thousand increase in cars.

Tyre Changes Need Gauges.

Practically all the small cars at the recent Olympia Motor Exhibition were fitted with low-pressure tyres on the wheels, although their makers offered customers a choice of whether they would have these wheel-coverings or the ordinary high-pressure ones. Quite a large number of motorists were puzzled in their minds as to whether to risk the low-pressure tyre (though the option cost them nothing), because the tyre manufacturers for umpteen years past have been trying to persuade them to keep their tyres pumped up as hard as possible, in order to get a long life and increased mileage out of each cover. In fact, the tyre-manufacturers stated that the harder the tyre was pumped up, within reason, the longer it would last and the less the chance of damage from cuts or punctures. Now, if you please, it is quite another story. Instead of sixty or seventy pounds pressure on the back tyres, you are asked to run at twenty to thirty pounds pressure. The low-pressure balloon type of tyre is an absolute contradiction of all the good advice the tyre-manufacturers have been instilling into us for what seems like centuries; though not quite a quarter of a century. But to-day they assure us that we motorists can have balloon tyres, obtain long mileage, safety, with no more liability to punctures than with the older high-pressure and harder-blown-out pneumatic, and get better comfort in riding. What is more, we have to believe them; but they do throw in a proviso which I repeat, because if motorists do not carry it out and they do have trouble with low-pressure tyres, they will certainly be out of court for getting replacements when



A DE LUXE FOUR-SEATER: THE 12-40-H.P. ALVIS DE LUXE EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA.

the present time, the Weights and Measures inspector has no jurisdiction over them, and this Bill has been introduced in order to rectify this omission. It is only a few weeks back since an important test case on this matter was tried at Cromer, in which the County Council summoned a dealer for supplying a quantity of spirit which did not correspond with the amount required—in other words, the measurement was not exact. The case was dismissed, owing to the fact that the output of petrol-pumps did not come under the Weights and Measures Act, and so it did not matter whether you were an ounce or two short or an ounce or two in excess—the dealer was not bound to supply an exact measure through the pump. Not that I suggest dealers do not endeavour to do so, but at the present moment it is questionable whether all pumps are accurate. I know it is quite possible with some types to work them quickly and get less than a gallon, or to work them slowly and get more than a gallon, although the dial shows one gallon each time—which, to say the least, is unsatisfactory. This is especially so as for some time the distributors of motor spirit have complained bitterly of the excessively heavy distribution costs by can deliveries. In fact, they claim that it is one of the items that determine the present price of motor spirit, and if these costs can be wiped out, or at any rate considerably reduced, then the benefit is bound to be ultimately passed on to the consuming public and prices lowered. It would be a good thing, at any rate, if we could persuade the next Parliament to see that these petrol-pumps are duly capable of delivering a full gallon and not a short one, as, though petrol may be cheap at the present moment, one still hopes to see it cheaper, or at least maintained at its present price as long as possible. With a certified pump, one can be sure of getting the spirit, or, rather, the



COMPLETE WITH FRONT-WHEEL BRAKES: THE BEAN "FOURTEEN" COUPÉ.

The Bean "Fourteen" coupé, complete with front-wheel brakes, costs £500, balloon tyres being optional. The model is shown in our photograph, and was not exhibited at Olympia.

they might think they are entitled to them free of charge, gratis, and for nothing. This is the crux of the situation. Low-pressure tyres must be used inflated to the exact pressure corresponding to the weight of the car as recommended by the tyre-makers.

[Continued overleaf.]

NO.
555NO.
555

The man who wore a black tie—

would not be considered "en suite" by his friends.

A similar impression is created by the man who smokes and offers cigarettes which fail to tone with his surroundings.

The man who is able to indulge his taste always selects State Express No. 555. They are made by hand—one at a time, which method retains the unique qualities of the superlative No. 555 Leaf.



STATE EXPRESS

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES

Made by hand—One at a time!

NO.
555

ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD. LONDON

NO.
555

(Continued.)

It must be neither more nor less than the pressure stated in their chart. Consequently, there is going to be a run on weighing-machines,

now we all know about this, as everyone who fits balloons will have to weigh the front axle and then the back axle with the passengers on board as he

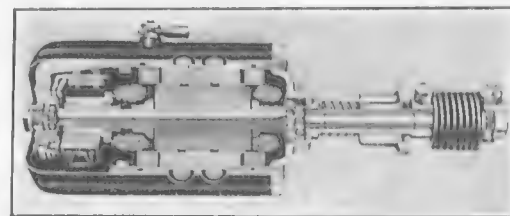
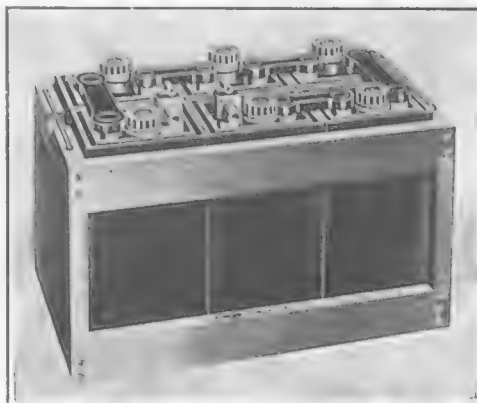
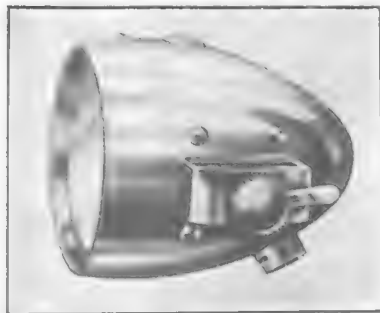
WITH A BRACKET FITTING: A NEW TYPE OF INTERNALLY WIRED SIDE LAMP, EXHIBITED ON THE ROTAX STAND AT OLYMPIA.

normally runs the car, filled up with water, petrol, oil, etc., to say nothing of baggage, and then inflate the tyres, if 16 cwt. is the back-axle weight, to 35 lb. pressure; and if the front axle weight is 10 cwt., to 25 lb. pressure, or vice versa, as the case may be. In any case, the tyres have got to be kept at the recommended inflated pressure. Here is another little job for the owner-driver, and that is testing the tyre-pressure every time before he starts out on a journey, and perhaps at midday as well, for the low-pressure tyre, at the best, has but a small margin to lose. If the owner-driver is to be penalised also by having little chance of satisfaction should he get hold of a bad cover and it bursts early in its career through improper inflation—though who is

to prove it, I do not know—it is going to be a nice kettle of fish. Consequently, we have all got to buy accurate tyre-gauges that show these low pressures, as our old ones are no good.

Allen-Liversidge Lighting. Driving at night has provoked more discussion as to the good and bad manners of motorists than speeding in

the daytime. Messrs. Allen-Liversidge continue their policy of marketing products designed to improve night driving conditions.



THE ROTAX STARTER: A SPECIAL CUT VIEW.

STURDINESS OF CONSTRUCTION AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE: THE ROTAX STARTER BATTERY, IN STANDARD WOODEN CRATE, EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA.

The Rotax exhibit of their lighting and starting equipment at Olympia was a fine and very interesting display, and included dynamos of all types and sizes, starters, lamps, etc. Switchboards of all sorts and shapes and sizes, fitted with little lamps, etc., for varying, but all very practical purposes were among the exhibits. An important feature of Rotax switchboards is the fitting of an external fuse, and provision, also external, for a two-pin plug. The Rotax patent switch for gradual reduction of headlight power is also very interesting.

This year at the Motor Exhibition they showed the A-L anti-dazzle focus headlight attachment—an inexpensive device which may be fitted to any make of electric motor head-lamp. It is more than a mere dimming device, for its principle is the complete control from the driver's seat of the focus of the head-lamps, so that all variations of the width of the beam, from very broad to long and narrow, are instantly obtainable as desired. The device is therefore of assistance when cornering and in fog, where the broad diffused beam is used with great effect; while, as a dazzle-eliminator, it has all the merits of a good dimmer without those disadvantages which are due to sudden variations of the quality of light at the source. Dissolved acetylene auxiliary lighting outfits for cars were also staged, together with spot lights, which are becoming almost indispensable for reading the new road signs. These A-L fallolite lamps are fitted with a mirror at the back, so act not only as spot-lights, but as reflectors of overtaking traffic.

THE RIVIERA SEASON

—Come to BEAULIEU—
for a Maximum of Sunshine.

STAY at an hotel where every window overlooks the beautiful blue Mediterranean. Where every room has its own running water supply and sets a newer and higher standard of comfort and luxury.

Hotel Bristol Beaulieu

MIDWAY BETWEEN NICE & MONTE CARLO

ALL-DAY SERVICE OF PRIVATE BUSES
TO MONTE CARLO AND CANNES.

RE-OPENING
15th January, 1925

Completely Redecorated throughout.

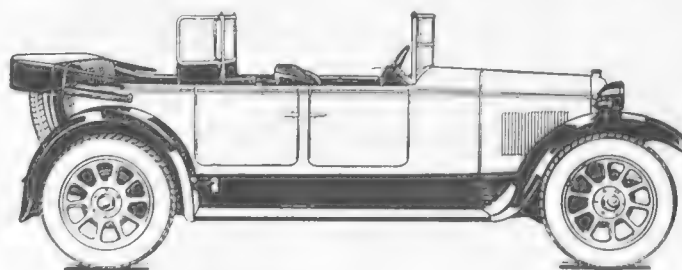
Book your Accommodation Early

HOTEL BRISTOL, BEAULIEU. Under the direction of
Francis Tozle, Managing Director, The Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

The new 14/45 h.p.

ROVER

has won praise from every expert critic. Never before has such a brilliant example of British automobile engineering been obtainable. The complete car has every possible desirable feature, yet the 5-seater model costs no more than £550.



THE ROVER COMPANY, LIMITED, COVENTRY.
61, New Bond St., London, W. 1. Lord Edward St., Dublin.

If it isn't a Compactom, it isn't a Clothing Cabinet.



Compactom Clothing Cabinets

for Ladies and Gentlemen are built in a style, in a size and at a price exactly to suit your requirements.

Compactom makes every Clothing Cabinet and each bears its trade mark—a small thing to look for but a big thing to find.

They range in price from 18 Guineas—carriage paid in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—and purchase by deferred payments may be arranged.

May we send you a booklet which illustrates and describes them all? Or better still—call to see them at Showrooms at:—

41-44, Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.
(Near Marble Arch) 'Phone: Paddington 5002.

Special displays are being given by, and in the windows of, the following agents:

BATH - Jolly & Son, Ltd.	COVENTRY - John Anslow, Ltd.	HULL - Bladons, Ltd.	NORTHAMPTON - Jeffery, Sons & Co.
BEDFORD - Wells & Co.	DERBY - Holbrook & Co.	KINGSTON-ON-THAMES - Hide & Co.	NOTTINGHAM - Smart & Brown, Ltd.
BELFAST - Wright & Hunter, Ltd.	DONCASTER - Bickers, Ltd.	LEAMINGTON - E. Francis & Sons, Ltd.	OLDHAM - Macquay & Procter.
BIRMINGHAM - Ernest Young & Brother.	DOVER - Sheard, Binnington.	LEEDS - Denby & Spinks, Ltd.	READING - Arthur Newbery, Ltd.
BLACKBURN - Hanna & Browne.	DUNDEE - Hart & Co.	LEICESTER - John Sharpe & Co.	ROCHDALE - Heenan, Sons & Co., Ltd.
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BOURNEMOUTH - Simpson & Sons, Ltd.	EDINBURGH - J. Pring & Co.	LITTLEHAMPTON - Curtis & Mawer, Ltd.	SOUTHPORT - Ben. Porter & Sons, Ltd.
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BROMLEY - Brown, Muff & Co., Ltd.	GLASGOW - Upton Bros.	MANCHESTER - Pioneer Stores, Ltd.	TORQUAY - South Western Industries.
BURTON - Hauntings, Ltd.	GUERNSEY - J. Newport & Son.	MARGATE - Kendal, Milne & Co.	TRURO - Wiggins & Clark.
BRISTOL - Colbourne & Co., Ltd.	HASTINGS - Muir Simpsons, Ltd.	MIDDLESBOROUGH - Finnegans, Ltd.	WAKEFIELD - Long & Smith, Ltd.
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BURTON - Newbery & Spindler.	HULL - Hanson & Son.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - Munro Cobb.	WARRINGTON - Pioneer Stores, Ltd.
BURTON - P. E. Gane, Ltd.	HULL - Simpson & Sons.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.	WESTON-SUPER-MARE - Penfold & Co.
BURTON - P. E. Gane, Ltd.	HULL - F. C. Sindlen.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - Henry White.	YORK - Lane & Lane.
BURTON - James Howell & Co., Ltd.	HULL - Plummer Roddis.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - Robson & Sons.	
BURTON - F. P. Lawlor.	HULL - Greenlands, Ltd.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - Cole & Co.	
BURTON - Cavendish House Co., Ltd.	HULL - Lindsey Price, Ltd.	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE - E. P. Lawlor.	
BURTON - Shirer & Haddon.	HULL - Concessionaire R.M.T.A. Willemse.		
	AMSTERDAM.		

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION - Palace of Industry. Stand T820.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

Outfits for
Autumn and
Winter.

Everyone in search of practical frocks and wraps at pleasantly inexpensive prices should wend their way to Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus, W., and Ludgate Hill, E.C., where they will find a multitude of attractive possibilities, including the frock and coat sketched here. The frock is of wool and silk, and can be obtained in several shades for 75s. 9d. Useful wrap-coats in Cumberland tweed trimmed with fur, such as the one sketched on the right, range from 4½ guineas upwards; and fur-trimmed velour coats cut on fashionable straight lines can be secured for 94s. 6d. Then Peter Pan jumper suits, which are invaluable for strenuous morning wear, are obtainable for 63s. in silk and wool, and for 39s. 6d. in marl wool with georgette collars and facings of braid. An illustrated catalogue giving a wealth of interesting information will be sent gratis and post free on request.

Practical
Children's
Outfits.

Samuel Brothers is a veritable Mecca for children's clothes, and every parent should apply for the various catalogues dealing with outfits for the school-boy and girl. There is a special list, too, which gives everything required for a public school. Even the small denizens of the nursery are not forgotten, and the "Tiny Tots' Season's Number" contains many useful hints. A complete set of outdoor woollies, comprising a coat and pantalettes all in one, a warm scarf woven on the coat, and a cosy little cap, can be secured from 21s. 6d.; and a jersey suit in a durable cashmere wool mixture is only 17s. 6d., fitting a boy of two

years. Tiny maidens will rejoice in a wool stockinette knicker frock embroidered in gay colours, available for 21s. 9d. (size 16 inches);

or a coat, cap, and pantalettes in brushed wool for 21s. 9d., obtainable in many pretty colour-schemes.

A Much
Disputed
Question.

The question whether any cloth can be really water-proof without rubber is dealt with in a striking manner in the windows of Samuel Brothers, at Oxford Circus and in Ludgate Hill. One of their Omne Tempus rubberless raincoats is suspended in a slanting position on a revolving stand, exhibiting first the top surface under a downpour of artificial rain, and then the back surface remaining "bone dry." This is a convincing illustration of the guarantee given by Samuel Brothers with every rubberless Omne Tempus coat—namely, that the cost will be refunded in the event of the coat letting in the rain. Full particulars of their interesting challenge regarding this fabric may be obtained on application to Samuel Brothers.

What is
Glax-Ovo?

Those who have not yet made the acquaintance of Glax-Ovo should do so without delay, for this delicious beverage is splendid for growing children, and everyone needing fresh nerve-force and vigour. The nourishing ingredients include milk, cocoa, barley kernels, malt, and a special preparation which contains the all-important vitamin essential to good health. The addition of a little boiling water is all that is necessary to make this pleasant beverage, which all children love. Glax-Ovo is obtainable from all chemists and stores in 1s. 6d., 3s. 3d., and 6s. tins.



Two practical outfits for autumn and winter from Samuel Bros., Oxford Circus, W., and Ludgate Hill, E.C. Wool and silk in soft partridge browns express the frock, and real Cumberland tweed trimmed with fur the coat on the right.

Harrods

are demonstrating the
**Sphere
Oval-Octo
Suspender**

A Real Boon to Ladies.

IT CANNOT CAUSE LADDERS

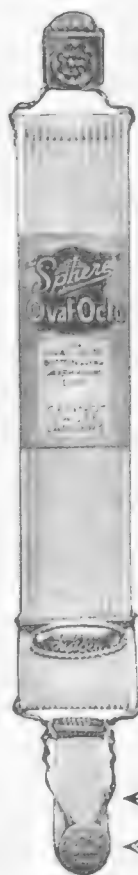
Oval-Octo Advantages:

1. The soft and flexible nature of the button itself, there being no metal parts in it.
2. The tiny "octos" round the head of the button which prevent the stocking from slipping.
3. The smooth round wire loop which has no rough or sharp edges. The SPHERE OVAL-OCTO loop and button grips many more threads of the stocking, and gives a firm and sure hold without damaging the finest material.

"Sphere"
Oval-Octo

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



Security
Stitch
Cannot
Come
Undone.

Sphere
Oval-Octo
No. OV5.

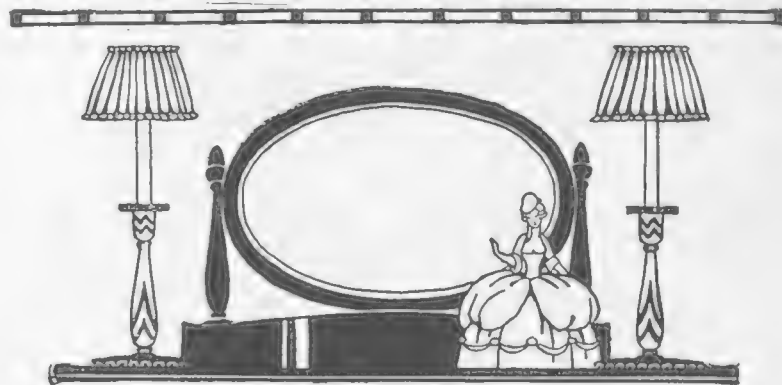
Art. Silk Elastic
(as illustrated)

2/6
per pair.

Sphere
Oval-Octo
No. OV1.
Fine Twill
Elastic.
1/9 per pair.

Sphere
Oval-Octo
No. OV23.
Stout Mercer-
ised Elastic.
1/6 per pair.

Shows
Sphere
Oval-Octo
Button and
Loop.



The manifold charms of candlelight have been rediscovered. The soft light of the candle, harmonising as it does with any and every decorative scheme, yields a charm that no other illuminant possesses. Candlelight is the light of romance!

PRICE'S CANDLES

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED
Battersea, S.W. 11



"They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall.
They laced her up, they starved her down
To make her light and small"

"They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins.
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins."

The modern science of Elizabeth Arden brings sure and natural beauty to every woman

When we read these quaint verses describing the old painful and artificial methods of acquiring good looks, we are more than ever thankful for the sound and easy science developed by Elizabeth Arden. Elizabeth Arden creates beauty simply by creating perfect health in every tissue.

The Elizabeth Arden exercises for Health and Beauty are the foundation of loveliness. For these scientific movements, created especially for women, put every part of the body in happy working order. Beauty is impossible without perfect health. Elizabeth Arden's Exercises develop beautiful proportions, normalize the weight, and stimulate every bodily process which contributes to a clear, healthy skin.

The Arden method of skin treatment is simple and fundamental in every step. The famous Muscle-Strapping, Skin-Toning Treatments make the cheeks smooth and firm by building up the starved muscles beneath. The corrective patting prevents and removes wrinkles, smooths and firms the contours, by strengthening the tissues. And it clears and refines the skin, by stimulating the circulation to carry off poisons which cause eruptions, coarse pores and blackheads, and muddy sallowness.

In fact, Elizabeth Arden simply helps your intended natural loveliness to find itself. Her method is not artifice; it is science.

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon to consult her about your problems of good looks, and to enjoy the benefits of her expert Treatments, write describing the characteristics and faults of your complexion. Elizabeth Arden will send you a personal letter of advice on the correct care of your skin, enclosing her book "The Quest of the Beautiful," outlining her scientific method. Ask also for Elizabeth Arden's book on her exercises for Health and Beauty.

For a lovely skin, use:

Venetian Cleansing Cream—Soft, melting; cleanses deeply and gently; leaves the skin pure and soft 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic—Tones, and whitens the skin; keeps it clear, firm and radiant 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

Venetian Special Astringent—Braces and lifts sagging muscles; strengthens the contours; excellent for flabby chin and throat 9/6, 17/6, 32/6

Venetian Pore Cream—Closes open pores, corrects their laxness, refines the coarsest skin 4/6

Elizabeth Arden Exercises for Health and Beauty—Three double-faced gramophone records, with music and clear commands. Each exercise developed especially for women, to perfect some specific part of the body. Wonderful to normalize the weight, correct sluggishness and depression, develop poise, vitality and a clear skin. Diet form and weight and measurement chart with each set. £2 2s. the set.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at more than 1,000 smart shops all over the world.

JAY'S LIMITED



REGENT ST. W.1

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ALEXANDRA



Jay's are showing a large selection of Knitted Silk and Wool costumes in the latest fashionable shapes and shades. This illustration shows a stylish and distinctive Knitted Costume produced in the finest quality Bouclette Wool and artificial Silk. It may be had in several charming colour schemes. Price 10½ Gns.

INEXPENSIVE SILK HOSIERY

of superior make
with lisle feet and
tops and open
closures. In black,
white, and many
stylish colours.
Per pair - 9/6

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT ST
W.1.

ONLY ADDRESS—NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

A Souvenir of Wembley. The millions who have visited the British Empire Exhibition this year have carried away with them countless interesting memories. Amongst the exhibits which can claim to be long remembered on account of its originality and ingenuity is that of "Bird's Custard." The stand (pictured below) takes the form of a gigantic willow-pattern plate, making a delightful background to the delicious Bird's specialities.



A Wembley exhibit to be remembered: the Bird's Custard stall in the form of a gigantic Willow-Patterned Plate.

There are jellies, custards, and cakes in rich profusion, each made in a few moments by the most amateur housewife. With the gay

season close at hand, it is well to remember that the name Bird's is a magic talisman for ensuring successful festivities.

A Novel Shampoo.

Many are looking for something new to substitute for the old methods of shampooing the hair, and a novel and very attractive idea is now available. This takes the form of translucent petal-like flakes, which dissolve in water very readily indeed, and yield, in addition to a most effective cleansing lather, a delightful fragrance. The product to which I refer is issued under the name of Vinolia Shampoo Petals, by Vinolia Company, Ltd., a miniature of whose soap is in the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley. These petals are so pure that a solution of them in water may also be used for washing even the most valuable fabrics and dainty lingerie. Sprinkled in the bath, they provide a luxury which is within the reach of all. Vinolia Shampoo Petals are sold by chemists and perfumers at 9d. per bag, and each bag contains sufficient for six or eight shampoos. Every woman with bobbed or shingled tresses finds that her hair needs constant washing, and this becomes a veritable pleasure with the aid of these delightful Petals, another advantage being that the cost is practically negligible.

The Art of Hairdressing.

Since the days when towering erections of false hair were worn by mediæval ladies of fashion, the art of the *posticheur* has changed considerably. One has only to study the perfect coiffure pictured on this page. It is the Nonetta Parting Transformation created by M. Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W. Indistinguishable from one's own tresses, the soft, naturally wavy hair reproduces Nature at her best. The parting, which is low on

the left side in the sketch, can be altered at will, and the hair dressed according to individual taste. Transformations are obtainable from 15 guineas, and toupets from



A fashionable Nonetta Parting Transformation, created by M. Nicol, the well-known artist in hairdressing, of 170, New Bond Street, W.

7 guineas; while it is useful to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. Every branch of hairdressing is conducted by well-trained experts at the Maison Nicol, which is also the home of many beautiful tortoiseshell combs and slides at every price. An illustrated catalogue giving full particulars will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Points of Perfection Frame Fashioned

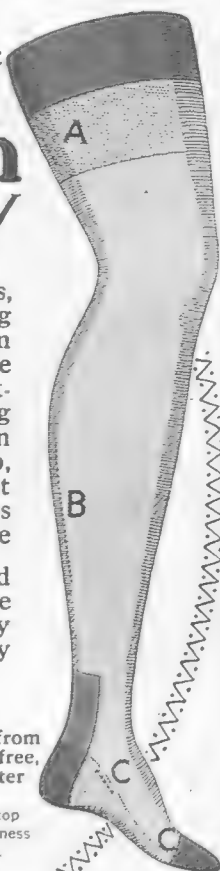
St. Margaret Fashioned Stockings, made on the most modern knitting frames are so shaped that the form of the leg is faithfully followed. The "fashioning" or shaping of the stocking at the ankle is made by taking out needles on the machine, while in order to widen at the stocking top, extra needles are added. St. Margaret Stockings so made have been famous since the days of the old hand frame

Long wear, perfect fit, neat finish and appearance are ensured if you choose "St. Margaret," and its economy is as pronounced as the quality

Ask for "CORA" Artificial Silk Hose and test the value yourself

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 38 with prices from 1/11 to 10/6, and name of nearest retailer, post free, on request to St. Margaret's Works, Leicester

A shows widening for the top
B narrowing for ankle neatness
C shaping for foot comfort.



St. Margaret
FOR EVERY OCCASION HOSIERY



Put them all on Roboleine

"BUILDS THE BODY—FEEDS THE NERVES."



OF CHEMISTS
2/-, 3/6, and 6/-

DO you, mother, know why doctors have prescribed 'Roboleine' for 18 years — why Hospitals and Sanatoria use it by the TON? Simply because 'Roboleine' is the essence of Nature's most valuable foods, as the FORMULA proves:—

ROBOLEINE
IS MADE OF
MARROW
from the long bones,
RED MARROW
from the rib bones
of prime oxen,
Cream of Malt, Egg Yolk,
Neutralised Lemon Juice.

You can keep the children well all through the 'Danger Months' if you put them on 'Roboleine': they cannot catch cold or infection at school if their bodies are nourished by this magnificent food. The Governor of the LONDON HOSPITAL says: "The effect on some of our anæmic and rickety children has been MAGICAL."

FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE, POST THIS COUPON.

12 DOSE COUPON.

To Messrs. OPPENHEIMER, SON & CO., Ltd.,
179, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

S. 29/10

O. & S. 200

The NEW Columbia Grafonola

A Revolution in
Gramophone TONE.

SIR HENRY J. WOOD

says:—"I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."

The instrument that has given Great Britain the leadership of the world in Gramophone reproduction.

Art Catalogue of the New Columbia Grafonola with 168 pp. Catalogue of Records and name of nearest dealer post free—COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

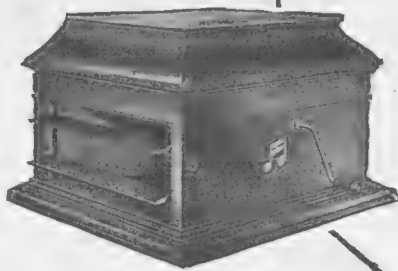
Prices from £5:10s. to £85



Columbia New process RECORDS

The ONLY Records WITHOUT SCRATCH

THERE are some two thousand selections of music, etc., now available on Columbia "NEW PROCESS" Records, from the vocal triumphs of Dame CLARA BUTT, the orchestral masterpieces of Sir HENRY J. WOOD and other famous conductors, to dance records by the World's Most Famous Dance Bands. All manufactured by the "New Process"—Without Scratch—ensuring perfect purity of tone without blemish.



The Columbia Grafonola and Columbia "New Process" Records are wholly of British manufacture. The Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., is the only entirely British company exclusively engaged in gramophone and record manufacture.

"NEW PROCESS" means
No Scratch.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN
Ground Floor Millinery Dept.



SMART HAT in Panne with kilted rosette of panne and satin ribbon in front. In black, brown, and Navy. Price **69/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE AND PRACTICAL CRÊPE - DE - CHINE CAMI - KNICKER

PRACTICAL CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch), in a reliable crêpe-de-Chine, long-waisted effect, trimmed with hem-stitching and small French knots. In ivory, pink, almond, peach, mauve, sky, black.

Price
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NOVEL NOTES.

SUBURBAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. By G. P. ROBINSON. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

The suburbs, long under the novelists' ban of contempt, have found a sly special pleader in Mr. Robinson. Victory Road may have had all the disadvantages of suburban architecture in dull uniformity, but for that very reason it was no stranger to romance. The neighbours whom Septimus Pentarruck, bank clerk in business hours, met in the various houses to which he held literally "the key of the street" had in them some touch of Scheherazade's talent, and the tales they told to Septimus are good enough and exciting enough to encourage any seeker after adventure to live in Outer London. Postal District W.1, beloved of Mr. Arlen, Mr. Walpole, Mr. McKenna and others, is not to have all the honours for exploits of intrigue, passion, and dangerous living generally. If Mr. Robinson has his tongue in his cheek at times, so much the better. The W.1 people will be none the worse of this gently ironical hint that to be romantic it is not necessary to be Mayfairish.

THE UNLIT LAMP. By RADCLIFFE HALL. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

Joan Ogden and her sister Milly came of a "service" family stranded on half-pay in a dull seaside town. Their mother was eaten up with family pride, their father (dying of heart disease) an irascible old soldier, whose domestic tyranny does not endear him to the reader. Both girls wanted to get out and make a career. Milly, the musician, almost succeeded; Joan, the possible woman of science, did not succeed at

all, and her last state is depressing. But if the story is unhappy, it does not lack interest, and even fascination. The characters live, and are well set on the scene. Perhaps the book is rather too much of a tract on a subject already a trifle overdone—parental repression of the aspiring young; but for all that, "The Unlit Lamp" is a notable parable of wasted talent.

STRIVING FIRE. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)

The situation is not unlike that of the foregoing story, but less consistently handled. Here again is the tyrannous father, suffering from angina pectoris, and the foolish mother—a step-mother in this case. Here, too, are children desperately at variance with their parents. The household of Hilary Spain, merchant of Manchester, was no abode of love. The sons, Guy and Deryk, were not inclined towards business. Guy went off to London and lived rather miserably as a song-writer; Deryk hankered after literature, but had to take up distasteful commerce on learning that his father might die at any moment. Father died, leaving things in confusion. The daughters are equally in revolt. Things go generally wrong; step-mamma goes wrong after her own way with a Roman priest and comes to a bad end; the children have queer matrimonial adventures, and altogether everything and everybody is in the soup. Nor do the survivors get out very conclusively, for all their striving.

BUDDENBROOKS. By THOMAS MANN. (Secker; 2 Vols.; 7s. 6d. each.)

German, but not to be disallowed on that account, and the English translation of this remarkable family-chronicle novel is none

the less welcome that it has been long on the way. The Buddenbrooks belonged to Lübeck, where they began as grain merchants in 1768. The story finds the family prosperously established in 1835, and traces its history as far as the fourth generation, in which the sturdy commercial 'burgher stock has degenerated through over-refinement and intellectuality. It is a wonderful picture of German middle-class life, and of characters at first vigorous and finally anæmic. The action moves onwards with the deliberate, noiseless step of inexorable Fate, down to the last scene where the male line has become extinct and the tearful women are left speculating—in one case with assurance—on the chances of reunion beyond the tomb. The story, published in Germany as long ago as 1902, won in that country an applause that is likely to be echoed by the more reflective section of British novel-readers.

MOCKBEGGAR. By LAURENCE W. MEYNELL. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

The title will recall to many a place-name in Ainsworth's "Ovingdean Grange," but there the likeness ends. For this is a story of Mayfair and its bright young people. The heroine, Rachel Massinger, has many wooers, as such a splendid fictitious creature could not fail to attract. She falls to the not very brilliant young man who is known to his intimates as "Chickie," and the marriage turns out poorly. Chickie, an impossibly erratic creature, moves from scrape to scrape to a sad end, which Vivian—another suitor of Rachel's—could have averted, but, from selfish motives, he holds his hand. How his conduct affected Rachel is the crux of this well-managed and lightly written story.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXXII.

A CHAT ABOUT PLAY.

MANY people hold that there is nothing, or comparatively nothing, in the play of the cards. The declaration is everything, and once a sound declaration has been arrived at, the cards, within a trick or two, play themselves. This trick or two is dependent on the taking of a necessary finesse, or on the even break in trumps or other suits, the result of which, of course, has nothing to do with good or bad play, being, in effect, a matter of luck as to the distribution of the adverse cards.

Now, I myself am of opinion that there is a vast deal more than this in the play of a hand, no matter how sound the final contract may be, or how sound the preliminary bidding may have been. Certain hands are pianolas, and require no play, but these are big holdings, and come along only on the rare occasions; but on average cards, in my personal experience, I find that, even among advanced players, tricks here and there are continually being thrown away. It is these tricks that count in the final make-up; and even if the losing of them does not amount to much, they really represent the advantage the good player holds over the weaker one, to say nothing of the fact that the winning of these spare tricks should be the objective and joy of every card-lover. I say *even* if the losing of them does not amount to much; but it must be remembered that on occasion the loss of one single trick that might have been won means the ultimate loss of the rubber; and on such occasion the final balance, of course, has suffered considerably by the play. The losing of such tricks as is here referred to is in the main due to carelessness; but that, to be sure, is no excuse—it is, in fact, more reprehensible than lack of skill, for lack of skill no fellow can help, while carelessness is—well, just what it is.

Then there is the player who will neither

give himself nor his cards a chance. This, too, is a matter of carelessness or lack of thought in summing up what must happen if any good is to come of certain combinations between the two hands. I myself was dummy the other day when this play happened. A, my partner, dealt and bid one no-trump; Y, on his left, two hearts; B (me), three diamonds; Z, "No bid"; and A, being one of that large army of bridge-players who will never allow a hand to be played in a minor suit, and who consequently is always a large loser at the game, took a chance on three no-trumps. He was three down instead of making four odd, all because he would not give the cards a chance—in this case my diamonds, which must be found divided two and two if any use is to be made of them. The two hands were—

SPADES—X.
HEARTS—X, X, X.
CLUBS—X, X.
DIAMONDS—A, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.

Dummy

Y ————— Z

Declarer

SPADES—A, K, Q, X.
HEARTS—A, Q, X.
CLUBS—A, X, X, X.
DIAMONDS—10, 4.

A heart was opened. A won with the queen, led a diamond, and slapped up the ace, which, of course, finished all hopes of dummy's hand.

Seeing this play in cold print, you will say: "Rubbish! These things don't happen." But this actually did happen, and furthermore, A, my partner, was by no means a bad player. He simply had a fit of bridge derangement, and the fit was a highly expensive one.

I have already pointed out in these notes what are the commonest mistakes in the play of a hand, and I think I might do worse than repeat those words right now; but I

won't, as it was really something else about the play of the cards that I set out to write about—which is this. Apart from skill or carelessness in the handling of cards, there is much to be learnt in method—I might say manners—of play or at play. Certain mannerisms are offensive to other players; and anyone, even the veritable duffer at the game, could cut out these. Take, for instance, that superior air that in all but words says that your partner is little short of a lunatic, or opponent a blockhead because he pauses a little before playing a card—incidentally, opponent probably knows his business because he does pause a little. Then, again, how stupid it is to play simultaneously from your own and dummy's hand. Such folly, if it does not confuse the issue, most certainly confuses the players. And, worst of all, why tear a card from your hand and bang it down on the table as though the card or the table, or both, deserved castigation? Finally, what good is there in crowing over a defeated adversary, or in rubbing in his defeat by pointing out how he might have saved the game had he played differently?—and why cry out when you are downed yourself? I can give all players a tip on this point—not a soul, with the exception of your partner, takes the smallest interest or has the slightest sympathy with you in your bad luck—not even when you tell the world at large that you have lost the last fifteen rubbers: nobody cares a rap!

These and such-like methods are characteristic of bad play, though I meet an odd good player who has his nasty ways, too; and surely it is worth a trifling effort on the part of all to be rid of them. There is nothing to gain, but much to lose by such play.

There are at least three certain signs of a bad player—(1) Playing too quickly; (2) Playing too slowly; and (3) Continually leading from the wrong hand. I may be wrong, but it is a notion of mine that no high-class player indulges in any of these three malpractices.

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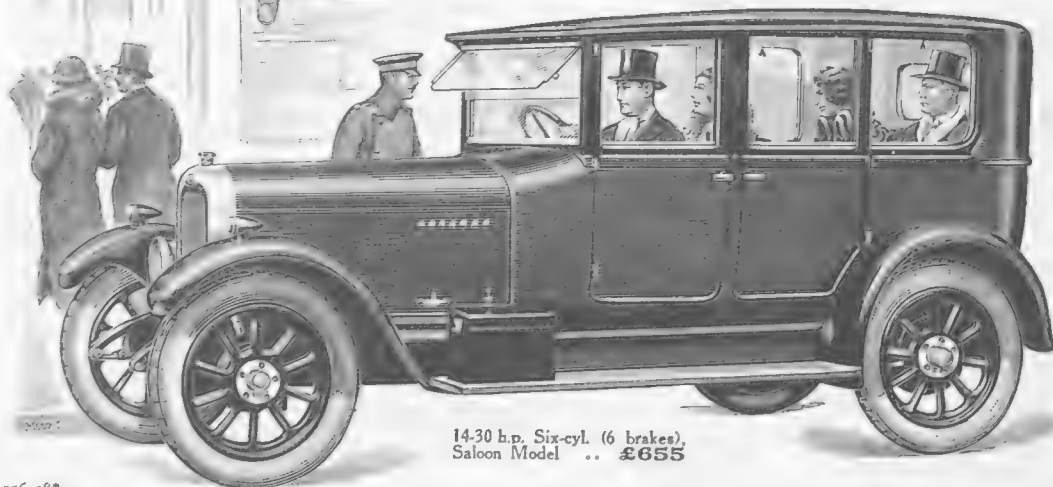
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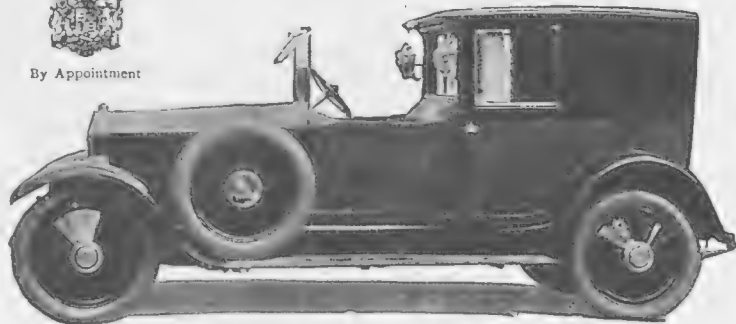
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THE SUNNINGHALL MYSTERY.

(Continued from Page 249.)

"And the time required for the transformation?"

"From woman to man, a minute and a half at the outside—probably a good deal less. The other way about would take longer: you'd have to arrange the hat and curls a bit, and the skirt would stick getting it on over the plus fours."

"That doesn't worry me. It's the time for the first that matters. As I tell you, I'm playing the sixth hole. The woman in brown has reached the seventh tee now. She crosses it and waits. Sessle in his blue coat goes towards her. They stand together a minute, and then they follow the path round the trees out of sight. Hollaby is on the tee alone. Two or three minutes pass. I'm on the green now. The man in the blue coat comes back and drives off, fozzling badly. The light's getting worse. I and my partner go on. Ahead of us are those two—Sessle slicing and topping and doing everything he shouldn't do. At the eighth green I see him stride off and vanish down the slip. What happened to him to make him play like a different man?"

"The woman in brown—or the man, if you think it was a man."

"Exactly, and where they were standing—out of sight, remember, of those coming after them—there's a deep tangle of furze bushes. You could thrust a body in there, and it would be pretty certain to lie hidden until the morning."

"Tommy! You think it was *then*! But someone would have heard—"

"Heard what? The doctors agreed death must have been instantaneous. I've seen men killed instantaneously in the war. They don't cry out as a rule—just a gurgle, or a moan—perhaps just a sigh, or a funny little cough. Sessle comes towards the

seventh tee, and the woman comes forward and speaks to him. He recognises her, perhaps, as a man he knows, masquerading. Curious to learn the why and wherefore, he allows himself to be drawn along the footpath out of sight. One stab with the deadly hatpin as they walk along. Sessle falls—dead. The other man drags his body into the furze bushes, strips off the blue coat, then sheds his own skirt and the hat and curls. He puts on Sessle's well-known blue coat and cap, and strides back to the tee. Three minutes would do it. The others behind can't see his face, only the peculiar blue coat they know so well. They never doubt that it's Sessle—but *he doesn't play Sessle's brand of golf*. They all say he played like a different man. Of course he did. He was a different man."

"But—"

"Point Number Two. His action in bringing the girl down there was the action of a *different man*. It wasn't Sessle who met Doris Evans at a cinema, and induced her to come down to Sunninghall. It was a man *calling* himself Sessle. Remember, Doris Evans wasn't arrested until a fortnight after the crime. *She never saw the body*. If she had, she might have bewildered everyone by declaring that that wasn't the man who took her out on the golf-links that night and spoke so wildly of suicide. It was a carefully laid plot. The girl invited down for Wednesday, when Sessle's house would be empty, then the hat-pin which pointed to its being a woman's doing. The murderer meets the girl, takes her into the bungalow and gives her supper, then takes her out on the links, and when he gets to the scene of the crime, brandishes his revolver and scares the life out of her. Once she has taken to her heels, all he has to do is to pull out the body and leave it lying on the tee. The revolver he chucks into the

bushes. Then he makes a neat parcel of the skirt and hat, and—now I admit I'm guessing—in all probability walks to Woking, which is only about six or seven miles away, and goes back to town from there."

"Wait a minute," said Tuppence. "There's one thing you haven't explained. What about Hollaby?"

"Hollaby?"

"Yes. I admit that the people behind couldn't have seen whether it was really Sessle or not. But you can't tell me that the man who was playing with him was so hypnotised by the blue coat that he never looked at his face."

"My dear old thing," said Tommy. "That's just the point. Hollaby knew all right. You see, I'm adopting your theory—that Hollaby and his son were the real embezzlers. The murderer's got to be a man who knew Sessle pretty well—knew, for instance, about the servants being always out on a Wednesday, and that his wife was away. And also someone who was able to get an impression of Sessle's latch-key. I think Hollaby junior would fulfil all these requirements. He's about the same age and height as Sessle, and they were both clean-shaven men. Doris Evans probably saw several photographs of the murdered man reproduced in the papers; but, as you yourself observed, one can just see that it's a man, and that's about all."

"Didn't she ever see young Hollaby in court?"

"That's just it—the son never appeared in the case at all. Why should he? He had no evidence to give. It was old Hollaby, with his irreproachable alibi, who stood in the limelight throughout. Nobody has even bothered to inquire what the son was doing that particular evening."

"It all fits in," admitted Tuppence. She

[Continued overleaf.]

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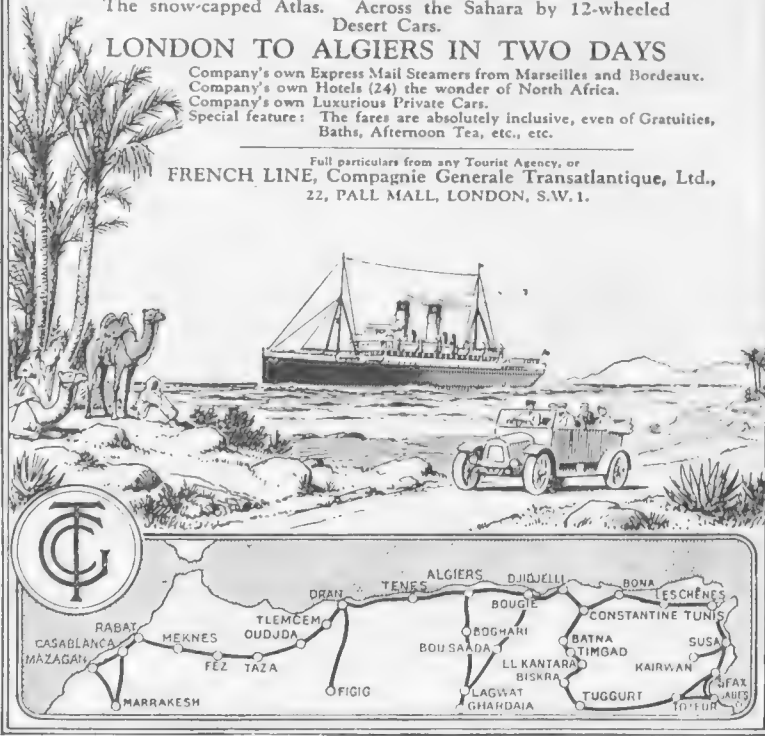
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Continued.]

paused a minute, and then asked: "Are you going to tell all this to the police?"

"I don't know if they'd listen."

"They'd listen all right," said an unexpected voice behind him.

Tommy swung round to confront Inspector Marriot. The Inspector was sitting at the next table. In front of him was a poached egg.

"Often drop in here to lunch," said Inspector Marriot. "As I was saying, we'll listen all right—in fact, I've been listening. I don't mind telling you that we've not been quite satisfied all along over those Porcupine figures. You see, we've had our suspicions of those Hollabys. But nothing to go upon. Too sharp for us. Then this murder came, and that seemed to upset all our ideas. But thanks to you and the lady, Sir, we'll confront young Hollaby and Doris Evans and see if she recognises him. I rather fancy she will. That's a very ingenious idea of yours about the blue coat. I'll see that Blunt's Brilliant Detectives get the credit for it."

"You are a nice man, Inspector Marriot," said Tuppence gratefully.

"We think a lot of you two at the Yard," replied that stolid gentleman. "You'd be surprised. If I may ask you, Sir, what's the meaning of that piece of string?"

"Nothing," said Tommy, stuffing it into his pocket. "A bad habit of mine. As to the cheese-cake and the milk—I'm on a diet. Nervous dyspepsia. Busy men are always martyrs to it."

"Ah!" said the detective. "I thought perhaps you'd been reading—well, it's of no consequence."

But the Inspector's eyes twinkled. [THE END.]

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BY MICHAEL ORME.

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WONDERFULLY staged at the Albert Hall, "The Sea-Hawk" was launched—the word is apt—in the presence of a specially selected audience that packed the house. The bows of a sixteenth-century ship, lifting from a shimmering, moonlit sea, with great bellying sails that audaciously masked the Albert Hall's respectable orchestra steps and organ pipes, seemed ready to carry the whiff of the briny and the spirit of adventure straight into the hearts of the audience. Congratulations to the First National Exploitation department, and our own John Bull Studios. If anything could have invested "The Sea-Hawk" with that quality of true romance that carries all before it, their broad-breasted, gallant brig, with its bearded officers tunefully foregathered on the poop, would have done it. We were keyed up to the right degree of expectation. We were ready to believe in the chivalry of cut-throat corsairs, and in the stormy course of true love. But our powers of credulity and our interest fizzled out side by side as Mr. Rafael Sabatini's "Sea-Hawk" unwound its long and far-fetched tale. No doubt, between the covers of a book, told in Mr. Sabatini's racily romantic style, this story of a Cornish gentleman who was shanghaied by a cowardly younger brother, and became a galley slave on board a Spanish pirate vessel, acquired not only some semblance of reality, but also

that human note without which even romance turns into dull, unprofitable stuff. Neither reality nor humanity has survived dramatisation.

Like so many American films, "The Sea-Hawk" is an amazing manifestation of what money and the camera can do: an extraordinary achievement in the way of setting and the handling of masses, but the heart of the story has been pitched overboard. Only one figure stands out as human and vital—the rascally old sea-dog, with a kindly kink in his villainous soul, capitably played by that fine actor, Wallace Beery. Only one moment, apart from many scenic thrills, really "got hold" of the audience—the sufferings of the naked, sweating galley slaves, chained to their benches, flayed by the overseer's lash, whilst the bos'un beats time on his anvil and the oars scrunch in the rowlocks.

For the rest, the reproductions of Spanish galleons and Moorish and English craft of a bygone period are impressive and often beautiful; the clash and struggle of their various encounters, with oars snapping like so many matches, and tall masts toppling to the decks, are full of vigour and excitement. Milton Sills makes a manly hero, carrying his Moorish garb with dignity, and rising to his dramatic opportunity as a rebellious galley slave. Miss Enid Bennett, modern to her finger-tips, did little to strengthen the indefinite heroine, except to smile and look pained. In short, the sea-scapes, the galley slaves, and a rogue of an old sea captain will steer "The Sea-Hawk" to victory.



"This is the second baby I have brought up on Mellin's Food, and everyone who sees them agrees that they are the picture of health, and a splendid recommendation for Mellin's Food."—Mrs. G. M. Hibbs, London, E.5.

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Right feeding is by far the most important thing in infancy and you must get the right food if baby is to make progress. Remember also that one of the essentials to right feeding is digestibility, which is provided by Mellin's Food.

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FREE SAMPLE of Mellin's Food and booklet sent on application. State baby's age, and write Dept. B.175, Mellin's Food, Ltd., London, S.E.15.

GIRLS' ATTRACTIVE VELVETEEN FROCKS

Our Children's and Young Ladies' Department contains an infinite variety of dainty and attractive, and at the same time quite inexpensive, frocks for girls of all ages. All these frocks are designed by our own artists and made by our own workers, and the materials employed are invariably of a practical and useful character.

GIRL'S FROCK (as sketch) in good quality Velveteen, a simple, attractive style, with gauging at low waistline and at neck and sleeves, finished with good quality fur. In flame, sapphire, blue, leaf green. In sizes 39 and 42 inches.

PRICE
89/6

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Yardley's Freesia Face Powder

A SUPERFINE adherent Face Powder of exquisite charm, which perfects the tint and texture of the skin and imparts a delicate bloom—the compelling charm of a perfect complexion. Luxuriously perfumed with the fascinating fragrance of the Freesia flower.

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The newly-invented garments for
RAPID FIGURE REDUCING

Mysteria Week
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Never has any new garment achieved so much for women as the "Mysteria," which all London is flocking to see.

The transformation it has effected in dress can only be compared with the transformation made in communication by the wireless. Almost everything is different now that the "Mysteria" has been perfected.

The "MYSTERIA" Model 5052.
Reducing Corset, back-lacing type, in Tricot Rubber. Sizes 22-38. **42/-**



"Less
and
Less
every
Day."

Stout women no longer have to tolerate lack of grace and symmetry. The "Mysteria" instantly makes the wearer look inches smaller, and enables her to wear fashionable dresses with beautiful effect. As she perseveres with the garment, her figure is reduced by inches and her weight by pounds, and all the time she is able to dress smartly and fashionably. For the stout figure, for the average figure needing corrective treatment, for the lady who desires to outslim the slim, this garment is a boon and its wonderful effects are apparent the instant it is worn.

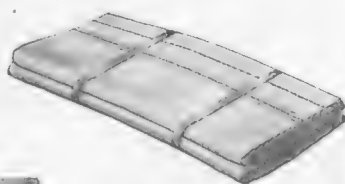
The "MYSTERIA" Model 5002.
Back-lacing Reducing Corset in Pink Para gum rubber. Lacing below busk. Four hose supporters. **3 gns.**
Sizes 24-38.

DICKINS & JONES
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HOLD A
WORLD-WIDE
REPUTATION
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LINENS**

Delightful Present,
an Afternoon Tea
Cloth, a most
effective design of
hand-made Cluny
lace and motifs.

Size 36 inch
square, each **39/6**
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Artistic Italian
afternoon Tea
Cloth, cream
linen effectively em-
broidered by hand in
a delightful shade of
blue.
Size, 36 inch
square. Price **19/6**
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Price 32/6.



Beautiful Long-
cloth Sheets, per-
fectly pure finish,
fine quality.
These are hem-
stitched and have an
inner row of drawn
work, as illustrated.
Size 2 by 3 1/2 **42/6**
yds. Per pair
2 1/2 by 3 1/2 yds., per
pair, **49/6**.



White Blankets, all
wool, delightfully
soft and warm and
thoroughly durable
blue borders. Size
60 by 80 inches.

Price
per pair **19/6**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON. W.1

White Turkish
Towels of an excep-
tionally soft and
absorbent terry.
Hemmed ready for
use. Size 27 by
50 inch. Price **4/3**
each

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

THE "SKETCH" ACROSTICS.

ACROSTIC A is in the form of a series of six weekly acrostics, of which this is the third. For this series a prize of £5 is offered to the competitor who shall send in correct solutions to all six. In the event of a tie, a special acrostic will be set to the winners, and, should several succeed in solving the special acrostic successfully, the serial prize will be awarded to the first correct solution opened. Acrostic B is not in serial form, but carries with it a weekly prize of £1, which will be awarded to the first correct solution opened. This competition has the special feature that the uprights will be drawn from one of the advertisements appearing in the advertising pages of our current issue or preceding issues.

ACROSTIC A3.

Her lies your duty, plain as nose on face
First ascertain the proper place.

1. Consent, agreement in this word you see
Such let all your communications be.
2. It means not often, seldom, let us say,
To put it in a different kind of way.
3. Thus was the Premier's action, he will pay
In measure full upon Election Day.
4. Curtail one-third: many a soldier bold
Resented such distinction, we are told.
5. Behead: great writer please to find
A recent famous film here call to mind.
6. Can healthy, also pernicious, be
It all depends upon the quantity.
7. Delightful place, especially at night
Outside, at any rate, it's always bright.

ACROSTIC B3.

Where did she get it? Always so well dressed!
In Regent Street, I'll tell you—guess the rest.

1. A class of boat well known in southern sea
2. Too much we've had of this, you will agree
3. Many of these Doctor Voronoff thank
4. Curtail two letters from a soldier's rank
5. Important part of modern motor-car
6. Welcome to all who've journeyed from afar
7. Present at ev'ry wedding fête
8. In fashion always; never out of date

9. Curse of the world—absent from future state
10. Dancers prefer it always to be late
11. You cannot see it, and it has no weight
Too much, however, makes us expostulate.

ACROSTIC A.1.

Dear Readers, to you all we make our bow.
If you are pleased, 'tis happiness enow.

1. The sanctuary of a vanquished race.
2. Protestant champion from a German place.
3. Carry, send back, assign to, or appeal.
4. Mixed food for cattle, 'tis derived from meal.
5. It's made from sturgeons, tho' not from the
roe.
6. This teaches you the things you ought to
know.
7. A man of ancient days, known by his curse.
8. A painful malady, to say no worse!

SOLUTION A.1

Oklahoma
Ulric
Refer
Farrago
Isinglass
Report
Shimel
Tic (douloureux).

ACROSTIC B.1.

Oh, what a fuss! I am afraid
He pays the penalty of fame:
At least it's British, and all British-made,
Except it's name.

1. A lovely thing, of fine design and neat,
They'll show you one in Queen Victoria
Street.
2. Deduct one-third; my whole is what
Each of us, in some form, has got.
3. Reverse these letters and you'll see
That is the answer, Q. E. D.
4. Look up above to find this light
It's written down in black and white.
5. No fisherman without it you will see
Though a discredit it's been known to be.
6. An adjective of justice; right and fair;
An undertaking known everywhere.
7. Thus are his pupils called, thus also he
Is styled when in authority.

8. Obsolete metre, and devoid of rhyme;
To learn it nowadays a waste of time.
9. Somebody's fault they must be, yet you
never see.
(When they're corrected) an apology.
10. Tom Tiddler's ground! For many years
they'll find
An aftermath of trouble left behind.

SOLUTION B.1.

Tabard
H A (T)
E I (i.e. = id est = that is.)
Proem
Reel
Equitable
Master
Iambic
Errata
Ruh R

ACROSTIC A.

One correct solution was received for the first
of the series—from F. Rawson.

Solutions with one light wrong from: "Ports-
mouth," "Waggle," "Jock," "Shingle," "Chel-
sea China," "Bookworm," and "Creeper."

Solutions with two lights wrong from:
"Brownie," "Simpleton," "Coughdrop," "Little
Bear," "St. Rule," "Cock Robin," "Pieman,"
"Fitzroy," "Humbug," "Sister Ann," "Cheru-
bino," "Sappho," "Twinkletoes," "Hal," "Stu-
dent," and "Horner."

Other solvers had three or more lights wrong.

ACROSTIC B.1.

No correct solution was received to this acros-
tic, so the prize of £1 has been awarded to F. W.
Legrand, 47, Moreton Terrace, S.W.1, with one
light wrong. The first light, "Tabard," which
baffled Mr. Legrand, was not sent in correctly
by any solver.

Solutions with two lights wrong were received
from: M. E. Elles, "St. Rule," "Giles," "Wag-
gle," "Hampstead," "Crabtree," "Joc," "Ame-
lia," "Sister Anne," "Cock Robin," "Chelsea
China," "Bookworm," "Niblick," "Zephyr,"
"Pieman," and "Little Bear."

Other solvers had three or more lights wrong.

(For Rules see Page xlii.)

GANESH DARA TREATMENT FOR Removing Superfluous Hair

This treatment does not burn or spoil the skin, but
takes out the hair by the roots. Can easily be done
at home. With full directions, 10/6. Large size, con-
taining 3 times the quantity, 25/6. Postage 6d. extra.

A lady writes:—"Dear Madam
I want to thank you for the benefit the Dara has been to me; it has
removed the eyesore of a lifetime."

Eleanor Adair

The Originator of the Strapping Muscle Treatment.

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Write
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ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

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absolute
necessity
for the HAIR



No other preparation preserves,
beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually.

Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair.

Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. and 21s. sizes, by Stores,
Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 112, Gt. Guildford Street, London.

RICH CHIFFON VELVETEEN LOUNGE COATS for Present Wear

At this season of the year there
is a large demand for House
and Lounge Coats which, while
warm and comfortable in wear,
are smart and attractive in ap-
pearance. The Lounge Coat
illustrated is cut on straight
lines, and made from rich quality
chiffon velveteen, and will be
found a most practical and
becoming garment for after-
noon wear.

ATTRACTIVE LOUNGE COAT (as
sketch) in good quality chiffon vel-
veteen, for indoor wear, perfectly
tailored collar, wide sleeves, breast
pocket, and pleated hips, with band
and buttons of Oriental wool embroi-
dery. In black, mole, tan, navy,
electric blue and many new autumn
colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

39/6

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HEALTH AND PESCO



A British Winter shatters the health of more folk than our British Summers restore.

So it behoves us all, strong or delicate, young or old, to accept such protection as the conditions demand.

In "Pesco" there is all the protection health can get in clothing, and more. There is refinement of manufacture, and quality of materials which please both eye and touch. Its Pure Wool or Silk and Wool textures conduce to its great attractiveness, and convince both reason and taste that here is Underwear worthy of wear.

ASK FOR PESCO—SCOTCH & BEST

Pesco



Pesco is obtainable from Drapers and Hosiery in every underwear shape for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, also in Hosiery and Sports Wear. For Infants and Young Children Pesco Baby Wear is recommended. Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable. In case of difficulty write to the makers for names of nearest agents.

Important.—If Retailers are found "out of Stock" the public are reminded that Retailers can obtain stock sizes and qualities by return of post.

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Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.

Personal and interested attention is given to ladies unable to pay a visit, and patterns, estimates or suggestions to meet individual requirements are gladly sent with special measurement form on application.

A delightful Tea Frock expressed in heavy Black Crêpe-de-Chine, with novel introduction of guipure lace and effective pleating
19½ Gns.
In Santoy
16½ Gns.



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Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

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"Come on—let's walk!"

You don't know the rare delight of walking until you've secured perfect foot comfort by wearing PHILLIPS 'STICK-A-SOLES.' They give spring to your tread and buoyancy to your limbs. Securely attached by Phillips own special solution, they are wonderfully durable, very thin, and light. Quite invisible.

PHILLIPS
'Stick-a-Soles'
PRESIDENT **STUCK LIKE A STAMP!**



Ladies' - - 2/6 a pair
Mens - - 3/6 a pair
Including PHILLIPS SOLUTION, Fixing Extra.
From all Boot Makers.



THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

Two Great Statesmen.

Millerand and Poincaré are both barristers by profession, and were at one time rivals at the Palais de Justice for the most important commercial briefs. Since he ceased to be President of the Republic, Millerand has come down into the party arena again, and has placed himself at the head of a newly formed League to oppose the Herriot Government. On the other hand, Poincaré is lying rather low politically just now, but he is more in demand as an advocate than ever. His amazing industry and prodigious memory are of the kind which always make for success in the cases which are the most tedious to listen to, but command the highest fees. In France, by the way, the barrister, although he is paid directly by his client, without the intervention of anyone corresponding to a solicitor, resembles his legal brother in England in not being technically supposed to receive any money at all. That is why the demand of the income-tax authorities to produce accounts is meeting with indignant protest from the whole body of *avocats*.

An Interesting Theatrical Contest.

Lucien Guitry, who has for some years been devoting his remarkable gifts as an actor chiefly to the interpretation of the very light comedies of his son Sacha, has recently been seized with a fit of more serious artistic ambition, and has been showing the Comédie-Française how Molière ought really to be played. He has been treating the typically after-dinner public of the Théâtre Edouard VII. to a revival of the "Ecole des Femmes," preceded each evening by a critical discourse from Antoine,

who, though he has been director of the Odéon, has no love for the senior National Theatre or its traditions. The Français has been stirred to defensive action. It has furnished up the rather dusty production of the same play, which always turns up now and again in the current repertory, and is openly inviting comparison. Léon Bernard, who plays Arnolphe, takes it, in the tradition of the House, as a frankly comic part, while Guitry develops its pathetic and dramatic possibilities. It is an interesting contest, and Paris, with all its reputation for frivolity, is perhaps the one town in the world where art is still taken seriously enough for such a competition to command a public.

"Mis" in Paradise Plumes.

However, the frivolous theatre is busy too. The new revue at the Casino de Paris is to be more magnificent than ever, I am told. If artistic interest can be measured by the prices of the costumes, the whole thing will be absorbingly interesting, for I hear that Mistinguett is to have a dress, composed entirely of paradise plumes, for which a hundred thousand francs will have to be paid, and it is stated that the artist herself is contributing part of the price out of her American millions. On the other hand, the rival show, which is being prepared by Mme. Rasini for the Olympia, is to have as its principal star Mismarguett, who took Mistinguett's place while she was away, and is to make a bid, it would seem, for taking her place now that she is back also.

The Great Dress Competition.

The great news was published last week, and we now know the name of the winner of the dress competition. No doubt we shall all be familiar

with it in time, and Marcelle Guillon will become as much a household word as Worth or Paul Poiret or Callot, for the young lady has already been offered a job at nearly ten times her present salary, and no doubt will soon be directing a dressmaker's establishment of her own. The prize was awarded on the unanimous vote of the judges, it appears, and the winning dress, which was not only designed but made by Mlle. Guillon, in the solitary seclusion prescribed by the terms of the competition, is said to be a marvel of beauty. It may be added that the whole thing was most serious and most official, and was organised under the direct control of the Municipality of Paris and the Minister of Fine Arts. What are the L.C.C. doing on these lines? I cannot also ask what is being done by the British Minister of Fine Arts, because—and I hope you are properly ashamed of the fact—you have not got one.

BOULEVARDIER.

ACROSTIC RULES.

1.—The Acrostic Editor is at all times willing to consider alternative solutions; but only in cases where both solutions are equally apposite. To this end, and for all purposes of this competition, the Acrostic Editor's decision must be final.

2.—Each solution sent in must be accompanied by the acrostic itself.

3.—All solutions should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, and should reach this office by the first post on the Monday following publication of the acrostic. Evidence of posting cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.

4.—All solutions should be accompanied by a pseudonym, as well as the name and address of the sender.

Well-warmed House

During the recent years many people have been making a radical change in the method of warming their homes. Instead of continuing the wasteful, dirty, and inefficient open fires, or disfiguring their rooms with radiators and pipes, they have solved the problem of home warming by installing the Onepipe Heater.

Without Pipes or Radiators, the Onepipe Heater floods the whole house, from ground floor to attic, with the genial temperature of June. Every passage, landing and staircase is uniformly heated from the beginning to end of Winter.

The Heater itself is usually installed in the cellar or basement, with one short length of pipe which connects it with an artistic copper grid on the ground floor. Through the central portion of this grid warm air circulates into every part of the house, while the displaced cold air drawn down through the outer parts of the grid creates perfect ventilation and, combined with the action of the humidifier, keeps the air pure, warm and moist. The atmosphere of the house is genial and healthful. Doors and windows can be left open without impairing the efficiency of the Heater or interfering with one's personal comfort. Cold draughts become warm.

This most efficient and hygienic heating system is also the most economical. It can be completely installed in a few days for approximately £120 to £140. It involves no structural alteration, and is suitable for all kinds of basement and non-basement residences and public buildings. Its cost of upkeep is extraordinarily low. Stoking morning and night only with a few scuttles of coke or anthracite for twenty-four hours is all the attention required.

An installation working in a Private Residence can be seen by appointment, and illustrated booklet, together with a list of installations now in use in this country, can be obtained from the Service Dept., International One-pipe Heater, Ltd., 11, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Phone: Victoria 4383.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

NEW COATEES IN RICH QUALITY CHIFFON VELVET

FUR-TRIMMED COATEE in rich quality black chiffon velvet, slightly gathered on shoulders. The collar is adaptable for wearing up or down. Lined silk throughout.

PRICE
6½ Gns.

New Season's Catalogue
post free on request.



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Personally organised and conducted by
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from whom the Descriptive Itinerary may
be obtained.

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FUR FELT HATS

Featherweight, Waterproof

This smart Hat may be rolled up and packed into the smallest space yet still retain the appearance of a perfectly blocked hat, in Tokio, Cinnamon, Oak, Tan, Pheasant, Basil, Cuba, Beaver, Ash or Black, Sizes 6½, 7 and 7½ 25/9

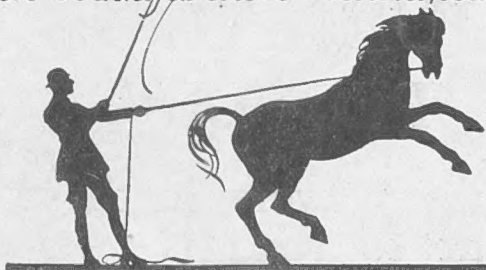
Other sizes to order.

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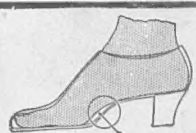
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Babers' beautiful shoes—scientifically fitted



Your shoes should not need "breaking in"—



Incorrect fitting—Ball or hinge of foot not coinciding with ball of shoe. No support to arch. Gaping at sides and slipping at heels certain.



Babers' "Heel-to-Ball" method of fitting with toes free, arch supported perfectly, close fitting at sides and no slipping at heels possible.

MOST shoes—like horses—need "breaking in," but Babers' scientific method of "Heel-to-Ball" shoe-fitting does away with this. Strange as it may seem, a new BABERS shoe feels perfectly comfortable from the moment it is first put on. The secret of this instant comfort is this. By the Babers' method the arch is perfectly fitted and supported and the foot cannot slide forward and cramp the toes. There is absolutely no sacrifice of style. The BABERS' principle is fully explained in a free booklet—"YOUR FEET AND YOUR GENERAL HEALTH." Write for it to-day, or, better still, call and let us demonstrate, gladly and freely.

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FOOT FITTERS
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D. H. EVANS IS EXACTLY OPPOSITE.
WARNING NOTE: The original Company's ONLY ADDRESS. No Branches anywhere.



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Courvoisier

Ess Viotto SOAP

THE NEW SOAP which keeps your complexion soft and smooth. It refreshes and preserves the beauty of your skin. Beauty refreshed is beauty always entrancing. Try a tablet and feel the velvet softness of your skin.

Price per box of 3 tablets 2/-

Ess Viotto for the hands

known and used the world over for whitening the hands and beautifying the complexion

2/6 4/9 6/9 per bottle

If unobtainable from your usual retailer, order direct with remittance.

BRONNLEY

LONDON W.3.



DISTINCTIVE KNITTED WEAR

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Frocks which have been specially designed for the present season. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful.

BECOMING TUNIC AND SKIRT (as sketch) knitted from artificial silk in new all-over chain design, V-neck, long sleeves with new flare cuffs and belt, trimmed buttons, in all the most fashionable colours.

PRICE
8½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

FANCY WOOLLEN
HOSE (as sketch),
with over-check of
artificial silk, in a
new attractive de-
sign in a variety of
good contrasting
colours.

Price
7/6
per pair.



Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

Sent on approval.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"CAN'T make out why it is"—The Engineer was plainly puzzled to account for it—"but boys nowadays have a rooted dislike to following their fathers' professions. I know many cases where a man has built up a decent connection, but his sons won't take up his business."

"Awful waste of goodwill," commented The City Editor.

"That's the point. The goodwill may be of little enough value to a stranger, yet be worth quite a tidy sum to a son of the man who has built up the connection."

"Boys so often want to go abroad these times. And, if they are bitten with the *Wanderlust*, it's not much use standing in their light."

"Banks are good in that way. The Anglo-Egyptian, Hongkong and Shanghai, Anglo-South American, and suchlike are often open to take really good chaps."

"There's the cable service," suggested The Broker. "Eastern Telegraph, Eastern Extension, Western—"

"They're not bad. Pay is rather moderate, and promotion slow."

"A fellow can get on faster if he shows that he is a hard worker, and is willing to study the electrical and wireless sides."

"I've heard it said that the slacker gets on just as well as the man that's keen. If that's the case, there's no great inducement for a boy to work hard."

"Saving your presence," said The City Editor, "that's all rot. The worker will always come out on top sooner or later."

"There's tea-planting, or rubber," The Merchant added.

"Rubber expenses are still cut to the bare

bone," said The Broker. "And with production coming down next month to 50 per cent.—"

"It's 55 now, isn't it?"

"That's so; but it will be 50 per cent. on Nov. 1, which means a lessening of work, except on estates that are in course of development."

"In tea," The Merchant reminded them, "there's no great scope for extension of areas. Many tea estates find it difficult to get cheap labour to work the ground already planted."

"Then we shall have to send the boy to sea. How about the Navy?"

"Over-offered already, and therefore the prospect is limited. In the Merchant Service there will be a better range of openings as the freight market improves."

"It seems to be doing that already. I bought a few Cunards the other day for my wife. Good stock to put away. Sure to come home."

"I rather like the Hungarian 7½ per cent. scrip," said The Broker. "My idea is that Hungary will get on to her financial feet before long, and at 90 you get 8½ per cent. on your money."

"Something of a gamble," was The Merchant's view. "The German is better security."

The Broker shrugged his shoulders. "Everyone to his taste," he said drily.

"I'd prefer some of the Japs."

"They're cheap, too. All these foreigners are a trifle risky, though."

"Well, if you want Home stocks, United Dairies are not too dear, on their last report."

"James Nelsons are worth anyone's attention," said The Merchant. "I like them very much myself."

"Wall-paper Deferred and Schweppe's Deferred ought to be good enough for the average speculative investor. Pay well on the money, and have room for better results."

"Lyons are a dull market," complained The City Editor. "Is there any reason?"

"Silly rumours about their results over the Exhibition and the Corner House. Nothing in them whatever. The company is certain to do well with both. But the impression has its effect, and the failure of the Exhibition, on the attendance figures, is another point in the situation. Lyons are right as rain to hold."

"Wish I felt as confident about Phoenix," said The Engineer. "I distrust those things, somehow, and yet I can't tell why. Know anything about them, Brokie?"

"Only what one sees published in the papers. The look of the market doesn't inspire confidence. I know that's a dangerous guide, but I'd rather keep out of the shares."

"There's nothing like the good things, if you're going in for Oil—Shells, Burmahs, Anglo-Persians—"

"Anglo-Persians, eh?"

"Yes. They're all right now. They weren't a little while back, but the position has changed, and my view with it. And, as a gamble, buy Agwis again, at the present price."

"Mexican Corporation I had a strong tip to buy when the price was half-a-crown lower," said The Engineer. "Now that it has come up, I feel inclined to have a dash."

"You'll double your money in twelve months," affirmed The Jobber.

"Think so?"

"In mining speculations," said The City Editor sententiously, "it's generally a case of double or quits."

"Toss you for two hair-cuts"—and The Jobber produced a handful of money. "Heads you say?" He counted out the coins. "Six tails and five heads," said he. "Close shave, that hair-cut. Thanks."

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